PREFACE.

IN a Work of this nature, which is a ſelection of the beſt ſubjects, from the beſt authors; and which is meant, as a uſeful companion for the pocket, to be always ready to refreſh the memory of the ſtudious, as well as to inform the minds of the ignorant—to inculcate virtue, and to enforce every exalted and ennobling principle that can dignify the mind, and add a general luſtre to the lives and manners of men,—the editor perſuades himſelf no apology is neceſſary for it.

In regard to the various authors, whoſe thoughts have been made uſe of in this work; it may be ſaid, their general eſtimation in the literary world require no commendation; and this, he truſts, may be admitted as one reaſon for recommending it to the public.

The utility of the plan has already been acknowledged in works of a ſimilar nature, which have had ſome claim to public patronage; and it may be thought no diſparagement to them, to hope at leaſt, this will not be inferior.

If we examine the multiplicity of volumes that are daily teeming from the preſs, we may find, without going too far in our opinion, that only few, on the ſcore of utility, can ſtand in competition with ſuch as theſe.

It is true, the works of great men need nothing to recommend them; but, it is equally true, theſe, in regard to utility, are partial and limited. The abſtruſe and intricate ſciences,—philoſophical and metaphyſical ſtrictures, when given as abſtract ſubjects for ſtudy, can affect only a few;—while political writings in general, which frequently tend more to inflame and perplex the mind, than to correct and inform it, can have but little to plead, in behalf of their utility, with this undertaking. In a word, it is deſigned to awaken the recollection of ſome—to open the underſtandings of others,—and to invite all that have the leaſt pretenſions to the love of good ſenſe, or, whatever is honourable, virtuous, and excellent, to its peruſal.

If it is neceſſary to give any reaſon for the title affixed to it, of the 'LITERARY BOUQUET,' it is becauſe meant as a companion to another volume, of the ſame nature, being a ſelection of Poems, of the ſame ſize, and printed and publiſhed by the ſame perſons.

K.

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* For Pleaſure read Delightful Senſations.

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THE

LITERARY BOUQUETT, &c.

On the Uſe of our Faculties.

FROM SEED.

HAPPY that man, who, unembarraſſed by vulgar cares, maſter of himſelf, his time, and fortune, ſpends his time in making himſelf wiſer, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himſelf) happier: who, as the will and underſtanding are the two ennobling faculties of the ſoul, thinks himſelf not complete, till his underſtanding be beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue: who has furniſhed himſelf with all the advantages to reliſh ſolitude, and enliven converſation; when ſerious, not ſullen; and when chearful, not indiſcreetly gay; his ambition not to be admired for a falſe glare of greatneſs, but to be beloved for the gentle and ſober luſtre of his wiſdom and goodneſs. The greateſt miniſter of ſtate has not more buſineſs

to do in a public capacity than he, and indeed every man elſe may find in the retired and ſtill ſcenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is viſible convinceth him there is preſent a Being inviſible. Aided by natural philoſophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: he ſees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moſes did in the burning buſh, though not in ſo glaring a manner: and when he ſees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart.

On Study.

FROM THE SAME.

SOME there are, who plead an exemption from ſtudy, becauſe their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, becauſe their ſituation in life exempts them from the neceſſity of ſpending their time in ſervile offices and hardſhips, therefore they may diſpoſe of it juſt as they pleaſe. It is to imagine, becauſe God has empowered them to ſingle out the beſt means of employing their hours, viz. in reading, meditation; in the higheſt inſtances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity and folly. The apoſtle's rule, 'that if any man will not work,

neither ſhould he eat,' extends to the rich as well as the poor; only ſuppoſing, that there are different kinds of work aſſigned to each. The reaſon is the ſame in both caſes, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any ſhare in the common ſtock of happineſs, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota, or allotted part, to it: the public happineſs being nothing but the ſum total of each individual's contribution to it. An eaſy fortune does not ſet men free from labour and induſtry in general; it only exempts them from ſome particular kinds of labour: it is not a bleſſing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all; but as it gives them liberty wiſely to chuſe, and ſteadily to proſecute, the moſt ennobling exerciſes, and the moſt improving employments, the purſuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the ſervice of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in ſhort, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others muſt employ in tilling the ground (which often deceive their expectation) with the ſweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a ſoil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The ſum of what I would ſay, is this: that, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you

have a general one; which is to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourſelf maſter of all thoſe accompliſhments—an enlarged compaſs of thought, that flowing humanity and generoſity, which are neceſſary to become a great fortune; and of all thoſe perfections, viz. moderation, humility and temperance, which are neceſſary to bear a ſmall one patiently; but eſpecially it is your duty to acquire a taſte for thoſe pleaſures, which, after they are taſted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind.

The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of ſpending it.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

WE all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular, by all thoſe

various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf, in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life, in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad, in moſt parts of our lives, that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wiſh away whole years, and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes which we would fain hurry over, that we

may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follow:

The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man buſienſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuitable to a reaſonable nature,

and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation: I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole

eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage?—But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them.

But the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolution, ſoothes and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husband-man, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

Opportunities lost cannot be recalled.

FROM TOTTIE.

LET not any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now lost, can hereafter be recalled at will; or that he who has run out his youthful days in dissipation and pleasure, will have it in his power to stop when he pleases, and make a wiser use of his riper years. Yet this is too

generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his ſenſual indulgences, and leads him inſenſibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is now too late to return. There are few, who at one plunge ſo totally immerge in pleaſures, as to drown at once all power of reaſon and conſcience: they promiſe themſelves, that they can indulge their appetites to ſuch a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not indeed ſay that there never have been perſons in whom the ſtrong ferment of youthful luſts may have happily ſubſided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and diſplayed many eminent virtues. God forbid! that even the moſt licentious vices of youth ſhould be abſolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the inſtances in this caſe have been ſo rare, that it is very dangerous for any one to truſt to the experiment, upon a preſumption that he ſhall add to the number.

The only ſure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to ſet out in it by times. It is then when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they ſhould lead us, that cuſtom ſoon makes the beſt habits the moſt agreeable; the ways of wiſdom become the ways of pleaſantneſs, and every ſtep we advance, they grow more eaſy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious, headſtrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits

to be corrected, what ſecurity can we give ourſelves, that we ſhall have either inclination, reſolution, or power, to ſtop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have ſo long and ſo widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our ſtrength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end? Theſe reflections I have ſuggeſted principally for the ſake of thoſe, who allowing themſelves in greater indulgences than are conſiſtent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not ſufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulneſs of pleaſurable ſin. Happy for them, would they once ſeriouſly conſider their ways! and no time can be more proper, than when theſe ſolemn ſeaſons of recollection and religious diſcipline ſhould particularly diſpoſe them to ſerioufneſs and thought. They would then diſcover, that though they are awhile carried gently and ſupinely down the ſmooth ſtream of pleaſure, yet ſoon the torrent will grow too violent to be ſtemmed; the waves will ariſe, and daſh them upon rocks, or ſink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to ſtop ſhort while they may, and to divert their courſe into a different channel; which whatever obſtructions and difficulties they may labour with at firſt, will every day become

more practicable and pleasing, and will assuredly carry them to a serene and secure haven.

The Beginnings of Evil to be resisted.

FROM BLAIR.

THINK not, as I am afraid too many do, that because your passions have not hurried you into atrocious deeds, they have therefore wrought no mischief, and have left no sting behind them. By a continued series of loose, though apparently trivial gratifications, the heart is often as thoroughly corrupted, as by the commission of any one of those enormous crimes which spring from great ambition, or great revenge. Habit gives the passions strength, while the absence of glaring guilt seemingly justifies them; and, unawakened by remorse, the sinner proceeds in his course, till he wax bold in guilt, and become ripe for ruin: for, by gradual and latent steps, the destruction of our virtues advances. Did the evil unveil itself at the beginning; did the storm which is to overthrow our peace, discover, as it rose, all its horrors, precautions would more frequently be taken against it. But we are imperceptibly betrayed; and from one licentious attach-

ment, one criminal paſſion, are, by a train of conſequences, drawn on to another, till the government of our minds is irrecoverably loſt. The enticing and the odious paſſions are, in this reſpect, ſimilar in their proceſs; and, though by different roads, conduct at laſt to the ſame iſſue.

On the Deity.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

I WAS yeſterday, about ſun-ſet, walking in the open fields, till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The galaxy appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full moon roſe at length in that clouded majeſty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and

diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs, and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought aroſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. David himſelf fell into it in that reflection, "When I conſider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the ſon of man that thou regardeſt him!" In the ſame manner, when I conſidered that infinite hoſt of ſtars, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, of ſuns, which were then ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us: in ſhort, while I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure which I myſelf bore amidſt the immenſity of God's works.

Were the ſun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that

move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed, more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, it would ſcarce make a blank in the creation. The chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other: as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. Huygenius carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light has not yet travelled down to us ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſet ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt

among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of infinite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us, that his attributes are infinite: but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting

bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence: his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which he diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſophers, he is a being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence. He cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades; and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. "Oh that I knew where I might find him! (ſay Job). Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himſelf on the right hand that I cannot ſee him." In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation, aſſures us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In this conſideration of God Almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience, every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing

that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures; so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and, in unfeigned humility of heart, think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

On Piety and Virtue.

FROM THE SAME.

IN one of your late papers, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I

ſhall conſider it in a light in which I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not

co-operate with his holy ſpirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of theſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and neceſſary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy ſpirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel

him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of Job, when for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! "Why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden to my ſelf?" But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's pre-

ence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

The bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will, by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always ſenſible of the divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know the ſpirit of God is preſent with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul, to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and me-

ditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black upon him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition which ſtands betwixt his ſoul and the ſight of that being who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the

ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy ſpirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles; *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus, bonorum malorumque cuſtos et obſervator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* "There is a holy ſpirit reſiding in us, who watches and obſerves both good and evil men, and will treat us after the ſame manner that we treat him." But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation; "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

On the Belief of God.

FROM GILPIN.

WE prove the being of a God, firſt, from the creation of the world.

The world muſt have been produced either by deſign, or by chance. No other mode of origin can be ſuppoſed. Let us ſee then with which of theſe characters it is impreſſed.

The characteriſtic of the works of deſign, is a relation of parts, in order to produce an end—The characteriſtic of the works of chance is juſt the reverſe.—When we ſee ſtones, anſwering each other, laid in the form of a regular building, we immediately ſay, they were put together by deſign: but when we ſee them thrown about in a diſorderly heap, we ſay as confidently, they have been thrown ſo by chance.

Now, in the world, and all its appendages, there is plainly this appearance of deſign. One part relates to another; and the whole together produces an end. The ſun, for inſtance, is connected with the earth, by warming it into a proper heat, for the production of its fruits; and furniſhing it with rain and dew. The earth again is connected with all the vegetables which it produces, by providing them with proper ſoils and juices for their nouriſhment. Theſe again are connected with animals, by ſupplying them with food. And the whole together produces the great end of ſuſtaining the lives of innumerable creatures.

Nor is deſign ſhewn only in the grand fabric of the world, and all its relative appendages: it is equally ſhewn in every part. It is ſeen in every animal, adapted in all its peculiarities to its proper mode of life. It is ſeen in every vegetable, furniſhed with parts exactly ſuited to its ſituation.

In the leaſt, as well as in the greateſt, of nature's productions, it is every where apparent. The little creeper upon the wall, extending its tenacious fibres, draws nouriſhment from the crannies of the ſtones; and flouriſhes where no other plant could live.

If then the world, and every part of it, are thus marked with the characters of deſign, there can be no difficulty in acknowledging the author of ſuch deſign—of ſuch amazing contrivance and variety, to be a being of infinite wiſdom and power. We call a man ingenious, who makes even a common globe, with all the parts of the earth delineated upon it. What ſhall we ſay then of the author of the great original itſelf, in all its grandeur, and furniſhed with all its various inhabitants?

The arguments drawn from the preſervation of the world, is indeed rather the laſt argument advanced a ſtep farther.

If chance could be ſuppoſed to produce a regular form, yet it is certainly beyond the higheſt degree of credulity, to ſuppoſe it could continue this regularity for any time. But we find it has been continued: we find, that near 6000 years have made no change in the order and harmony of the world. The ſun's action upon the earth hath ever been regular. The production of trees, plants, and herbs, hath ever been uniform. Every ſeed produces now

the ſame fruit it ever did. Every ſpecies of anima life is ſtill the ſame. Could chance continue this re gular arrangement? Could any thing continue it but the hand of an omnipotent God!

Laſtly, we ſee this great truth, the being of a God, witneſſed by the general conſent of mankind. This general conſent muſt ariſe either from tradition, or it muſt be the reſult of men's own reaſoning. Upon either ſuppoſition, it is an argument equally ſtrong. If the firſt ſuppoſition be allowed, it will be difficult to aſſign any ſource of this tradition, but God himſelf. If the ſecond, it can ſcarce be ſuppoſed that all mankind, in different parts of the world, ſhould agree in the belief of a thing, which never exiſted. For though doubts have ariſen concerning this general belief, yet it is now pretty well aſcertained, from the accounts of travellers, that no nation hath yet been diſcovered, among whom ſome traces of religious worſhip have not been found.

Be it ſo, ſays the objector; yet ſtill we find ſingle perſons, even in civilized countries, and ſome of them men of enlarged capacities, who have not only had their doubts on this ſubject, but have proclaimed aloud their diſbelief of a divine being.

We anſwer, that it is more than probable, no man's infidelity on this head was ever thoroughly ſettled. Bad men, rather endeavour to convince themſelves, than are really convinced.---But even on

ſuppoſition, that a few ſuch perſons could be found, what is their teſtimony againſt ſo great a majority as the reſt of mankind? The light of the ſun is univerſally acknowledged, though it happens, that, now and then, a man may be blind.

But ſince, it ſeems, there are difficulties in ſuppoſing a divine creator, and preſerver of the world, what ſyſtem of things does the atheiſt ſuppoſe attended with fewer? He ſees the world produced before him. He ſees it hath been created; and is preſerved. Some account of this matter muſt be given. If ours diſpleaſe him; let us have his.

The experiment hath been tried. We have had many atheiſtical creeds: none of which hath ſtood the teſt of being handed down with any degree of credit into future times.

The atheiſt's great argument indeed againſt a Deity, is levelled at the apparent injuſtice of his government. It was an objection of ancient date; and might have had its weight in heathen times: but it is one of the bleſſings, which attends chriſtianity, that it ſatisfies all our doubts on this head; and gives us a rational and eaſy ſolution of this poignant objection. What if we obſerve an inaccurate diſtribution of the things of this world? What if virtue be depreſſed, and vice triumphant? It is nothing, ſays the voice of religion, to him, who believes this life to be an inconſiderable part of his be-

ing; a point only in the expanſe of eternity; who believes he is ſent into this world, merely to prepare himſelf for a better. This world, he knows, is intended neither for reward, nor puniſhment. Happineſs unqueſtionably attends virtue even here, and miſery, vice: but it is not the happineſs of a ſplendid ſtation, but of a peaceful mind; nor is it the miſery of low circumſtances, but of a guilty conſcience. The things of this world are not, in their own nature, connected either with happineſs or miſery. Attended ſometimes by one and ſometimes by the other, they are merely the means of trial. One man is tempted with riches, and another with poverty; but God intends neither an elevated, nor a depreſſed ſituation, as the ultimate completion of his will.

Beſides, if worldly proſperity even was the indication of God's favour, yet good men may have failings and imprudencies enough about them to deſerve misfortune; and bad men virtues, which may deſerve ſucceſs. Why ſhould imprudence, though joined with virtue, partake of its reward? Or the generous purpoſe ſhare in the puniſhment, though connected with vice?

On the Belief of Jeſus Chriſt.

FROM THE SAME.

A Perſon celebrated as Jeſus Chriſt was, we may ſuppoſe, would naturally find a place in the profane hiſtory of his times. It may be not amiſs, therefore, to introduce the evidence we are about to collect, with the teſtimony of ſome of the more eminent of the heathen writers, who have mentioned him. They will at leaſt inform us, that ſuch a perſon lived at the time we aſſert; and that he was the author of a new religion.—I ſhall quote only Suetonius, Tacitus, and Pliny.

Suetonius * tells us, that "the emperor Claudius drove all the Jews from Rome, who, at the inſtigation of one Chriſt, were continually making diſturbances."

Tacitus †, ſpeaking of the proſecution of chriſtians, tells us, "that the author of that name was Chriſt, who was put to death by Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius."

Pliny's ‡ teſtimony is more large. It is contained in a letter, written to the emperor Trajan, deſiring his inſtructions with regard to chriſtians. He blames their obſtinacy in refuſing to ſacrifice to the Roman deities---but from their own confeſſion can

* In vita Claud Cæſ. † Lib. 15. ‡ Lib. 10.

draw nothing, but that they assemble, on a certai
day, before sun-rise---that they pay divine honour
to Christ as a God---that they bind themselves by
sacrament not to steal, nor to commit adultery, no
to deceive---and that, after the performance of thes
rites, they join in one common meal. Nay, he ex-
amined, he says, two of them by torture: yet still
he finds nothing obnoxious in their behaviour, ex-
cept their absurd superstitions. He thinks, how-
ever, the matter should be inquired into; for christi-
anity had brought religion into great disuse. The
markets were crouded with victims; and scarce a
purchaser came near them.

These writers afford us sufficient testimony, that
Jesus Christ lived at the time we assert; and that he
was the author of a new religion. They had oppor-
tunities of being well informed; could have no in-
terest in falsifying; were no converts to the new
sect; but talk of Christ, only as they would of any
singular person, whom they had occasion to men-
tion. Their testimony therefore is beyond cavil.

Let us now proceed a step farther, and examine
the scripture evidence of Christ, which proves not
only his existence; but that he is our Lord, or the
Messiah—and not only that he was the author of a
new religion; but that this religion is true.

Among the eye-witnesses of the gospel miracles,
were many learned men, as well as unlearned. The

former had opportunity and abilities to examine the works before them; to trace out fraud, if any ſuch were latent; and did unqueſtionably receive them with all that circumſpection which was due to ſuch wonderful exhibitions, before they embraced the chriſtian faith: while the moſt ignorant ſpectator was a competent judge of matter of fact; and many of our Saviour's miracles were ſuch as could not poſſibly, from the nature of the facts themſelves, be coloured with fraud.

It had a ſtrange ſound to the prejudices of mankind, that a crucified malefactor was the Saviour of the world; and we cannot ſuppoſe, that any man, much leſs that a multitude of men, would embrace ſuch a belief without clear conviction: eſpecially as no worldly advantage lay on the ſide of this belief; and the convert even renounced the world, and embraced a life of perſecution.---Let us conſider the ſingle miracle of Chriſt's reſurrection. Jeſus had frequently mentioned it before his death; and the thing was ſo far in general credited, that the ſepulchre was ſealed, and an armed guard appointed to watch it. We may well ſuppoſe, therefore, that his favourers would naturally, upon this occaſion, reaſon thus: "Jeſus hath now put his pretenſions upon a fair iſſue. He hath told us, he will ariſe from the dead on the third day:---here then let us ſuſpend our judgment, and wait the reſult. Three

days will determine whether he be an impoſtor, o
the real Meſſiah."---It is very natural to ſuppoſ
that the favourers of Jeſus would reaſon, after h
death, in a manner like this: and it is beyond cre
dibility, that any of them would have continue
his diſciples, had they found him falſifying in thi
point. But we know they did continue his diſci
ples after this. We know alſo, that many proſe
lytes, convinced by this very event, embraced th
chriſtian religion.---We have all the reaſon in th
world therefore to believe, that they were fully ſa
tisfied. His miracles were to them a ſufficient proo
of his pretenſions. All candid men would have ac
quieſced, as they did; and in their belief we have a
very ſtrong foundation for our own.

Again, with regard to prophecy, we obſerve,
that the writers of the Old Teſtament ſeem, in vari
ous parts, to characterize ſome extraordinary per
ſon, who was in proceſs of time to make his ap
pearance in the world. The marks are peculiar,
and can neither be miſtaken nor miſapplied. "He
was to be born of a virgin---he was to turn the hearts
of the diſobedient to the wiſdom of the juſt---
though dignified with the character of a prince, he
was to be a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with
grief---though deſcribed to be without ſin, he was
to be numbered with tranſgreſſors------his hands
and his feet were to be pierced---he was to be made

an offering for sin---and was never to see corruption." ---These prophecies were published many hundred years before the birth of Christ; and had been all along in the hands not only of the Jews, but of all men of letters. The Old Testament had been early translated into the Greek language; and received into the politest libraries of those times.

With these ideas, let us open the New Testament, and it is obvious that no picture can be more like its original, than these prophecies of Christ in one Testament, are to his history in the other. Here we see that extraordinary virgin-birth unravelled.---Here we see a life spent in turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just---Here we find the prince of his people, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Here we see the Lord of righteousness numbered with transgressors---we see his hands and his feet pierced---we see him made an offering for sin---and we see realized that extraordinary idea of death without corruption.

The prophecy of the dispersion of the Jewish nation is also very antient, being attributed by Moses to the patriarch Jacob. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh come." Whatever may be the precise meaning of the word 'sceptre' in the original; and though it may not perhaps properly signify that idea of regal power which it conveys to our ears; yet it certainly means some badge of au-

thority, that implies a formed and ſettled govern-
ment. And as to the word 'Shiloh,' all commen-
tators, jewiſh as well as chriſtian, explain it to
mean the Meſſiah. The ſenſe therefore of the pro-
phecy is plainly this; that the Jews ſhould continue
in the form of a ſociety, till the time of the Meſſiah.
Accordingly we find that, ſoon after Chriſt's death,
the ſceptre did depart from Judah: the Jews loſt all
form of a political ſociety; and are a ſingular in-
ſtance of a people ſcattered over the whole earth,
preſerved to this day ſeparate from all other people,
and yet without a ſettlement any where.

A few deſponding ignorant mechanics, the diſci-
ples of a perſon crucified as a common malefactor,
were all the parade with which this religion was
uſhered into the world; and all the human aſſiſtance
which it had to boaſt. And yet this religion,
which oppoſed the ſtrongeſt prejudices, and was
oppoſed by the greateſt princes, made its way
in a few years, from a remote corner, through
the whole Roman empire. Thus was our Saviour's
prophecy, in oppoſition to all human calculation,
exactly fulfilled. The leaſt of all ſeeds became a
ſpreading tree; and a church was eſtabliſhed, which
could not be deſtroyed by all the powers of hell.

On the Belief of the Holy Ghoſt.

FROM THE SAME.

WE believe, farther, in "the Holy Ghoſt;" that is, we believe every thing which the Scriptures tell us of the Holy Spirit of God. We inquire not into the nature of its union with the Godhead. We take it for granted, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt, have ſome kind of union, and ſome kind of diſtinction; becauſe both this union and this diſtinction are plainly pointed out in Scripture; but how they exiſt we inquire not; concluding here, as in other points of difficulty, that if a clearer information had been neceſſary, it would have been afforded.

With regard to the operations of the Holy Spirit of God, (beſides which, little more on this head is revealed) we believe, that it directed the apoſtles, and enabled them to propagate the goſpel—and that it will aſſiſt all good men in the conſcientious diſcharge of a pious life.

The Scripture doctrine, with regard to the aſſiſtance we receive from the Holy Spirit of God, (which is the moſt eſſential part of this article) is briefly this:

Our beſt endeavours are inſufficient. We are unprofitable ſervants, after all; and cannot pleaſe God,

unleſs ſanctified, and aſſiſted by his Holy Spirit.—At the ſame time, we are aſſured of this aſſiſtance, if we ſtrive to obtain it by fervent prayer, and a pious life. If we truſt in ourſelves, we ſhall ſurely fail. If we pretend to truſt in God, without doing all we can ourſelves, we ſhall fail likewiſe. And if we continue obſtinate in our perverſeneſs, we may at length totally incapacitate ourſelves from being the temples of the Holy Ghoſt.—The Spirit of God co-operates then with the endeavours of man. Our endeavours are neceſſary to obtain God's aſſiſtance: and the more earneſtly theſe endeavours are exerted, the meaſure of this grace will of courſe be greater.

But, on the other hand, if theſe endeavours languiſh, the aſſiſtance of Heaven will leſſen in proportion; and if we behave with obſtinate perverſeneſs, it will by degrees wholly fail. It will not always ſtrive with man; but will leave him a melancholy prey to his own vicious inclinations.

As to the manner, in which this ſpiritual aſſiſtance is conveyed, we make no inquiry. We can as little comprehend it, as we can the action of our ſouls upon our bodies. We are ſenſible that our ſouls do act upon our bodies; and it is a belief equally conſonant to reaſon, that the divine influence may act upon our ſouls. The advocate for natural religion need not be reminded, that among the heathens a divine influence was a received opinion. The prieſts of

every oracle were ſuppoſed to be inſpired by their gods; and the heroes of antiquity were univerſally believed to act under the influence of a ſupernatural aſſiſtance; by which it was conceived they performed actions beyond human power.—This ſhews, at leaſt, that there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to reaſon.

Religion the beſt and only Support in Caſes of real Streſs.

FROM STERNE.

THERE are no principles but thoſe of religion to be depended on in caſes of real ſtreſs; and theſe are able to encounter the worſt emergencies; and to bear us up under the changes and chances to which our life is ſubject.

Conſider then what virtue the very firſt principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end:—That there is a God, a powerful, a wiſe, and good Being, who firſt made the world, and continues to govern it;—by whoſe goodneſs all things are deſigned—and by whoſe providence all things are conducted to bring about the greateſt and beſt ends. The ſorrowful and penſive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully ſinking under them, the moment this doctrine

comes into his aid, hushes all his complaints—and thus speaks comfort to his soul,—"it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. Without his direction, I know that no evil can befal me,—without his permission, that no power can hurt me; it is impossible a Being so wise should mistake my happiness—or that a Being so good should contradict it. If he has denied me riches or other advantages—perhaps he foresees the gratifying my wishes would undo me, and by my own abuse of them be perverted to my ruin. If he has denied me the request of children; or, in his providence, has thought fit to take them from me——how can I say whether he has not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he foresaw would embitter and shorten my days? It does so to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankless child has brought down the parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with sickness, poverty, or other disappointments?—can I say, but these are blessings in disguise?---so many different expressions of his care and concern to disentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another---another, a better world beyond this!" This thought opens a new face of hope and consolation to the unfortunate:—and, as the persuasion of a Providence reconciles him to the evils he has suffered,---this prospect of a future life gives him strength to des-

piſe them, and eſteem the light afflictions of this life, as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is reſerved for him hereafter.

On Happineſs.

BY HARRIS.

ALL men purſue Good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miſerable for hours; but happy, if poſſible, through every part of their exiſtence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this ſteady, durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good muſt be tranſient and uncertain; and if ſo, an object of the loweſt value, which can little deſerve either our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, ſuch a good as we are ſeeking; like every other thing, it muſt be derived from ſome cauſe; and that cauſe muſt be either external, internal, or mixed; in as much as, except theſe three, there is no other poſſible. Now a ſteady, durable good cannot be derived from an external cauſe; by reaſon, all derived from externals muſt fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the ſame rule, not from a mixture of the two; becauſe the part which is external will proportionably deſtroy its eſſence. What then

remains but the cauſe internal: the very cauſe which we have ſuppoſed, when we place the Sovereign Good in Mind---in Rectitude of Conduct?

Aſtronomy.

FROM THE TATLER.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the fruits alſo and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings, and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phænomena

that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind (I hope it was not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable ſcenes whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are greatly agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurpriſe.

How many fox-hunters and rural 'ſquires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are ſeveral other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," ſays ſome illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy, as a rational being, is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections, to obtain juſt ſentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and

things in earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yield a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur.

The planetary and terreſtrial Worlds comparatively conſidered.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

TO us, who dwell on its ſurface, the earth is by far the moſt extenſive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is alſo clothed with verdure, diſtinguiſhed by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a ſpectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aſpect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a ſpot. To

beings who ſtill dwell at greater diſtances it entirely diſappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening ſtar; as in one part of the orbit ſhe rides foremoſt in the proceſſion of night, in the other uſhers in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which with the four others, that ſo wonderfully vary their myſtic dance, are in themſelves dark bodies, and ſhine only by reflection; have fields, and ſeas, and ſkies of their own, are furniſhed with all accommodations for animal ſubſiſtence, and are ſuppoſed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand diſpenſer of divine munificence, the ſun; receive their light from the diſtribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The ſun which ſeems to perform its daily ſtages through the ſky, is in this reſpect fixed and immoveable; it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more ſpacious orbs, wheel their ſtated courſes. The ſun, though ſeemingly ſmaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which ſo many lofty mountains riſe, and ſuch vaſt oceans roll. A line extending from ſide to ſide through the centre of that reſplendent orb, would meaſure more than eight hundred thouſand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumfer-

ence, would require a length of millions. Were its ſolid contents to be eſtimated, the account would overwhelm our underſtanding, and be almoſt beyond the power of language to expreſs. Are we ſtartled at theſe reports of philoſophy? Are we ready to cry out in a tranſport of ſurpriſe, "How mighty is the Being who kindled ſuch a prodigious fire, and keeps alive, from age to age ſuch an enormous maſs of flame!" let us attend our philoſophic guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with ſpeculations more enlarged and more enflaming.

This ſun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the univerſe; every ſtar, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vaſt globe, like the ſun in ſize and in glory; no leſs ſpacious, no leſs luminous, than the radiant ſource of the day: ſo that every ſtar is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent ſyſtem; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are loſt to our ſight in unmeaſurable wilds of ether. That the ſtars appear like ſo many diminutive and ſcarce diſtinguiſhable points, is owing to their immenſe and inconceivable diſtance. Immenſe and inconceivable indeed it is, ſince a ball, ſhot from the loaded can-

non, and flying with unabated rapidity, muſt travel at this impetuous rate almoſt ſeven hundred thouſand years, before it could reach the neareſt of theſe twinkling luminaries.

While beholding this vaſt expanſe, I learn my own extreme meanneſs; I would alſo diſcover the abject littleneſs of all terreſtrial things. What is the earth with all her oſtentatious ſcenes, compared with this aſtoniſhing grand furniture of the ſkies? What but a dim ſpeck, hardly perceivable in the map of the univerſe? It is obſerved by a very judicious writer, that if the ſun himſelf, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguiſhed, and all the hoſt of plenetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be miſſed by an eye that can take in the whole compaſs of nature, any more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The bulk of which they conſiſt, and the ſpace which they occupy, is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that their loſs would leave ſcarce a blank in the immenſity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole ſyſtem, be ſo very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a county? What are a few lordſhips, or the ſo much admired patrimonies of thoſe who are ſtiled wealthy? When I meaſure them with my own little pittance, they ſwell into proud and bloated dimenſions: but when I take the univerſe for my ſtandard, how ſcanty is

their ſize, how contemptible their figure! they ſhrink into pompous nothings.

On Pleaſure.

BY SEED.

WE are affected with delightful ſenſations, when we ſee the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flouriſhing ſtate. There muſt be ſome rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears ſmiling about us, to hinder us from correſponding with the reſt of the creation, and joining in the univerſal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their moſt advantageous dreſs, can inſpire gladneſs into the heart, and drive away all ſadneſs but deſpair; to ſee the rational creation happy and flouriſhing, ought to give us a pleaſure as much ſuperior, as the latter is to the former in the ſcale of beings. But the pleaſure is ſtill heightened, if we ourſelves have been inſtrumental in contributing to the happineſs of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raiſe a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry

land, where no water was, with refreſhing ſhowers of love and kindneſs.

Art of Pleaſing.

BY CHESTERFIELD.

THE means of pleaſing vary according to time, place, and perſon; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to pleaſe, and you will infallibly pleaſe to a certain degree: conſtantly ſhew a deſire to pleaſe, and you will engage people's ſelf-love in your intereſt; a moſt powerful advocate. This, as indeed almoſt every thing elſe, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the moſt trifling thing that paſſes where you are; have, as the vulgar phraſe is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very fooliſh, though a very common ſaying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper anſwer to ſuch ingenious excuſes, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was preſent when it was ſaid or done. Oh! but you may ſay, you was thinking of quite another thing: if ſo, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you ſay you was thinking of? But you will ſay

perhaps, that the company was ſo ſilly, that it did not deſerve your attention; that, I am ſure, is the ſaying of a ſilly man; for a man of ſenſe knows that there is no company ſo ſilly, that ſome uſe may not be made of it by attention.

Let your addreſs, when you firſt come into company, be modeſt, but without the leaſt baſhfulneſs or ſheepiſhneſs: ſteady, without impudence: and and unembarraſſed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deſerves great attention; nothing but a long uſage in the world, and in the beſt company, can poſſibly give it.

Always look people in the face when you ſpeak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conſcious guilt; beſides that, you loſe the advantage of obſerving by their countenances, what impreſſion your diſcourſe makes upon them. In order to know people's real ſentiments, I truſt much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can ſay whatever they have a mind I ſhould hear; but they can ſeldom help looking what they have no intention that I ſhould know.

A Portrait of Mankind.

BY STERNE.

VANITY bids all her ſons to be generous and brave,—and her daughters to be chaſte and courteous.—But why do we want her inſtructions?—Aſk the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.—

Is it that the principles of religion want ſtrength, or that the real paſſion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?—God! thou knoweſt they carry us too high—we want not *to be*—but *to ſeem*.—

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man: ſee what diſquieting, intriguing, and ſhifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing:—three grains of honeſty would ſave him all this trouble:—alas! he has them not.—

Behold a ſecond, under a ſhew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:—he is juſt entering the houſe of God:—would he was more pure—or leſs pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Obſerve a third going almoſt in the ſame track, with what an inflexible ſanctity of deportment he ſuſtains himſelf as he advances!—every line in his face writes abſtinence;—every ſtride looks like a check upon his deſires: ſee, I beſeech you, how he

is cloaked up with ſermons, prayers, and ſacraments; and ſo bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to ſpare for a worldly purpoſe;—he has armour at leaſt—Why does he put it on? Is there no ſerving God without all this? Muſt the garb of religion be extented ſo wide to the danger of it's rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the ſecret—and, What is that?

—That the ſaint has no religion at all.

—But here comes GENEROSITY; giving—not to a decayed artiſt—but to the arts and ſciences themſelves.—See,—he *builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets*; but whole ſchools and colleges for thoſe who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name!—'tis in capitals already; the firſt—he higheſt, in the gilded rent-roll of every hoſpital and aſylum—

One honeſt tear ſhed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic ſet of creatures does ſimulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern ſo viſible in the airs of one half of that great aſſembly ſhould ariſe from nothing elſe, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of conſequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noiſe amongſt the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honeſty almoſt out of knavery:—Chaſtity, never once

in harm's way;—and courage, like a Spaniſh ſoldier upon an Italian ſtage—a bladder full of wind.—

—Hark! that, the ſound of that trumpet,—let not my ſoldier run,—'tis ſome good Chriſtian giving alms. O PITY, thou gentleſt of human paſſions! ſoft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with ſo loud an inſtrument.

Libertiſm—a Caveat againſt it.

FROM THE MANNERS OF THE GREAT.

THERE is no error more common, or more dangerous, than the notion that an unreſtrained indulgence of appetite is generally attended with a liberal, humane, and merciful temper. Nor is there any opinion more falſe and more fatal, or which demands to be more ſteadily controverted, than that libertiſm and good nature are natural and neceſſary aſſociates. For after all that corrupt poets, and more corrupt philoſophers, have told us of the blandiſhments of pleaſure, and of its tendency to ſoften the temper, and humanize the affections, it is certain, that nothing hardens the heart like exceſſive and unbounded luxury; and he who refuſes the feweſt gratifications to his own voluptuouſneſs, will generally be found the leaſt ſuſceptible of tenderneſs for the wants of others. The cruelties at

Rome bore an exact proportion to the diſſoluteneſs at Capreæ. And it is not leſs notorious, that the Imperial fiddler became more barbarous, as he grew more profligate. "Proſperity," ſays the Arabian proverb, "fills the heart till it makes it hard;" and the moſt dangerous pits and ſnares for human virtue are thoſe, which are ſo covered over with the flowers of proſperous fortune, that it requires a cautious foot, and a vigilant eye, to eſcape them.

On Pleaſure.

FROM THE SAME.

PLEASURE, like an over-fed lamp, is extinguiſhed by the exceſs of its own aliment. But the lovers of pleaſure are not always prudent, even upon their own principles; for I am perſuaded that the world would afford much more real ſatisfaction than it does, if we did not preſs, and torture, and ſtrain it, to yield what it does not contain: Much good, and much pleaſure, it does liberally beſtow; but no labour nor art, can extract from it that elixir of peace, that divine eſſence of content, which it is not in its nature to produce. There is good ſenſe in ſearching into every bleſſing for its HIDDEN properties; but it is folly to ranſack and plunder it for ſuch as t he ex-

perience of all ages tells us are FOREIGN to it. We exhauſt the world of its pleaſures, and then lament that it is empty; we wring thoſe pleaſures to the very dregs, and then complain that they are, vapid.

Whatever indiſpoſes the mind for the duty of any particular ſeaſon, though it aſſumes ever ſo innocent a form, cannot be perfectly right. If the heart be laid upon to the incurſion of vain imaginations, and worldly thoughts, it matters little by what gate the enemy entered. If the effect be injurious, the cauſe cannot be quite harmleſs. It is the perfidious property of certain pleaſures, that, though they ſeem not to have the ſmalleſt harm in themſelves, they imperceptibly indiſpoſe the mind to every thing that is good.

Polite Converſation defective.

FROM THE SAME.

IT is, perhaps, one of the moſt alarming ſymptoms of the degeneracy of morals in the preſent day, that the diſtinctions of right and wrong are almoſt ſwept away in polite converſation. The moſt ſerious offences are often named with cool indifference; the moſt ſhameful profligacy with affected tenderneſs and indulgent toleration. The ſubſti-

tution of the word *gallantry* for that crime which ſtabs domeſtic happineſs and conjugal virtue, is one of the moſt dangerous of all the modern abuſes of language. Atrocious deeds ſhould never be called by gentle names. This muſt certainly contribute, more than any thing to diminiſh the horror of vice in the riſing generation. That our paſſions ſhould be too often engaged on the ſide of error, we may look for the cauſe, though not for the vindication, in the unreſiſted propenſities of our conſtitution: but that our *reaſon* ſhould ever be employed in its favour, that our *converſation* ſhould ever be taught to palliate it, that our *judgment* ſhould ever look on it with indifference, has no ſhadow of excuſe: becauſe this can pretend to no foundation in nature, no apology in temptation, no palliative in paſſion.

Benevolence not to be diſcouraged.

FROM THE SAME.

NOTHING more benumbs the exertions of ardent youthful virtue, than the cruel ſneer which worldly prudence beſtows on active goodneſs; and the cool deriſion it expreſſes at the defeat of a benevolent ſcheme, of which malice, rather then penetration, had foreſeen the failure. Alas; there is

little need of any such discouragements. The world is a climate which too naturally chills a glowing generosity, and contracts an expanded heart. The zeal of the most sanguine is but too apt to cool, and the activity of the most diligent, to slacken of itself: and the disappointments which Benevolence encounters in the failure of her best-concerted projects, and the frequent depravity of the most chosen objects of her bounty, would soon dry up the amplest streams of charity, were they not fed by the living fountain of religious principle.

I cannot dismiss this part of my subject without animadverting on the too prompt alacrity, even of worthy people, to disseminate, in public and general conversation, instances of their unsuccessful attempts to do good. I never hear a charity story begun to be related in mixed company, that I do not tremble for the catastrophe, lest it should exhibit some mortifying disappointment, which may deter the inexperienced from running any generous hazards, and excite harsh suspicions, at an age, when it is less dishonourable to meet with a few casual hurts, and transient injuries, than to go cased in the cumbersome and impenetrable armour of distrust. The liberal should be particularly cautious how they furnish the avaricious with creditable pretences for saving their money, as all the instances of the mortification of the humane are added to the ar-

moury of the covetous man's arguments, and pro. duced, as defenſive weapons, upon every freſh attack on his heart or his purſe.

He who is once convinced that he is to aſſiſt his fellow-creatures, becauſe it is the will of God, and one of the conditions of obtaining his favour, will ſoon get above all uneaſineſs when the conſequence does not anſwer his expectation. He will ſoon become only anxious to do his duty, humbly committing events to higher hands. Diſappointments will then only ſerve to refine his motives, and purify his virtue. His charity will then become a ſacrifice leſs uuworthy of the altar on which it is offered. His affections will be more ſpiritualized, and his devotions more intenſe. Nothing ſhort of ſuch a courageous piety can preſerve a heart hackneyed in the world from relaxed diligence, or criminal deſpair.

On the Immortality of the Soul, &c.

BY GILPIN.

THIS article preſumes our belief in the immortality of the ſoul.

What that principle of life is, which we call the ſoul; how it is diſtinguiſhed from mere animal life; how it is connected with the body; and in what ſtate it ſubſiſts, when its bodily functions ceaſe; are among thoſe indiſſoluble queſtions, with which nature every where abounds. But notwithſtanding the difficulties, which attend the diſcuſſion of theſe queſtions, the truth itſelf hath in all ages of the world been the popular creed. Men believed their ſouls were immortal from their own feelings, ſo impreſſed with an expectation of immortality---from obſerving the progreſſive ſtate of the ſoul, capable, even, after the body had attained its full ſtrength, of ſtill higher improvements both in knowledge, and in habits of virtue—from the analogy of all nature, dying and reviving in every part—from their ſituation here ſo apparently incomplete in itſelf; and from a variety of other topics, which the reaſon of man was able to ſuggeſt.—But though nature could obſcurely ſuggeſt this great truth; yet Chriſtianity alone threw a clear light

upon it, and impreſſed it with a full degree of conviction upon our minds.

But the article before us proceeds a ſteps farther. It not only implies the immortality of the ſoul, but aſſerts the reſurrection of the body.—Nor was this doctrine wholly new to nature. In its conceptions of a future life, we always find the ſoul in an imbodied ſtate. It was airy indeed, and bloodleſs; but ſtill it had the parts of a human body, and could perform all its operations.

In theſe particulars the Scripture does not gratify our curioſity. From various paſſages we are led to believe, that the body ſhall certainly riſe again: but in what manner, or of what ſubſtance, we pretend not to examine. We learn "that it is ſown in corruption, and raiſed in incorruption; that is ſown in diſhonour, and raiſed in glory; that it is ſown a natural body, and raiſed a ſpiritual body:" from all which we gather, that whatever fameneſs our bodies may have, they will hereafter take a more ſpiritualized nature: and will not be ſubject to thoſe infirmities, to which they were ſubject on earth. Farther on this head, it behoves us not to inquire.

Inſtead, therefore, of entering into any metaphyſical diſquiſitions of identity, or any other curious points in which this deep ſubject might engage us, all which, as they are founded upon uncertainty,

muſt end in doubt, it is better to draw this doctrine, as well as all others, into practical uſe; and the uſe we ought to make of it is, to pay that regard to our bodies which is due to them—not vainly to adorn —not luxuriouſly to pamper them; but to keep them as much as poſſible from the pollutions of the world; and to lay them down in the grave undefiled, there to be ſealed up in expectation of a bleſſed reſurrection.

On the Laſt Judgment.

FROM THE SAME.

THIS article contains the moſt ſerious truth, that ever was revealed to mankind. In part it wa an article of the heathen creed. To unenlightened nature it ſeemed probable, that, as we had reaſon given us for a guide, we ſhould hereafter be accountable for its abuſe: and the poets, who were the prophets of early days, and durſt deliver thoſe truths under the veil of fable, which the philoſopher kept more to himſelf, give us many traits of the popular belief on this ſubject *. But the goſpel alone threw a full light upon this awful truth.

In examining this great article, the curioſity of

* See particularly the 6th Book of Virgil's Æn.

human nature, ever delighting to explore unbeaten regions, hath often been tempted beyond its limits, into fruitleſs inquiries; ſcrutinizing the time of this event; and ſettling, with vain preciſion, the circumſtances of it. All curioſity of this kind is idle at leaſt, if not preſumptuous. When the Almighty hath thrown a veil over any part of his diſpenſations, it is the folly of man to endeavour to draw it aſide.

Let us then leave all fruitleſs inquiries about this great event; and employ our thoughts chiefly upon ſuch circumſtances of it as moſt concern us.—Let us animate our hopes with the ſoothing reflection, that we have our ſentence, in a manner, in our own power,—that the ſame gracious goſpel which directs our lives, ſhall direct the judgment we receive,—that the ſame gracious perſon ſhall be our judge, who died for our ſins—and that his goodneſs, we are aſſured, will ſtill operate towards us; and make the kindeſt allowances for all our infirmities.

But leſt our hopes ſhould be too buoyant, let us conſider, on the other hand, what an awful detail againſt us will then appear. The ſubject of that grand inquiry will be all our tranſgreſſions of known duty—all our omiſſions of knowing better—our ſecret intentions—our indulged evil thoughts—the bad motives which often accompany our

moſt plauſible actions—and, we are told, even our idle words.—" He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Then ſhall it be known, whether we have anſwered the great ends of life?—Whether we have made this world ſubſervient to a better?—Whether we have prepared ourſelves for a ſtate of happineſs in heaven, by endeavouring to communicate happineſs to our fellow-creatures upon earth? Whether we have reſtrained our appetites and paſſions; and reduced them within the bounds of reaſon and religion? Or, whether we have given ourſelves up to pleaſure, gain, or ambition; and formed ſuch attachments to this world, as fit us for nothing elſe; and leave us no hopes either of gaining, or of enjoying, a better? It will be happy for us, if on all theſe heads of inquiry, we can anſwer without diſmay.—Worldly diſtinctions, we know, will then be of no avail. The proudeſt of them will be then confounded. " Naked came we into the world; and naked muſt we return." We can carry nothing beyond the grave, but our virtues, and our vices.

I ſhall conclude what hath been ſaid on the laſt judgment with a collection of paſſages on this head from Scripture; where only our ideas of it can be obtained. And though moſt of theſe paſſages are figurative; yet as figures are intended to illuſtrate realities, and are indeed the only illuſtrations of

which this ſubject is capable, we may take it for granted, that theſe figurative expreſſions are intended to convey a juſt idea of the truth.—With a view to make the more impreſſion upon you, I ſhall place theſe paſſages in a regular ſeries, though collected from various parts.

" The Lord himſelf ſhall deſcend from heaven with his holy angels—The trumpet ſhall ſound; and all that are in the grave ſhall hear his voice, and come forth—Then ſhall he ſit upon the throne of his glory; and all nations ſhall be gathered before him—the books ſhall be opened; and men ſhall be judged according to their works.—They who have ſinned without law, ſhall periſh, (that is, be judged) without law; and they who have ſinned in the law, ſhall be judged by the law.—Unto whomſoever much is given, of him ſhall be much required.—Then ſhall he ſay to them on his right hand, Come, ye bleſſed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you. And to them on his left, Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.—Then ſhall the righteous ſhine forth in the preſence of their Father; while the wicked ſhall go into everlaſting puniſhment: there ſhall be wailing and gnaſhing of teeth.—What manner of perſons ought we then to be in all holy converſation, and godlineſs? looking for, and haſtening unto, the day of our Lord; when the heavens

being on fire, ſhall be diſſolved, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat.—Wherefore, beloved, ſeeing that we look for ſuch things, let us be diligent, that we may be found of him in peace, without ſpot, and blameleſs; that each of us may receive that bleſſed ſentence, "Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant: thou haſt been faithful over a little, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

A future State of Rewards and Puniſhments.

FROM THE SAME.

THIS article is nearly related to that on the immortality of the ſoul, and is involved in the ſame obſcurity. In what the reward of the virtuous will conſiſt, after death, our reaſon gives us no information. Conjecture indeed it will, in a matter which ſo nearly concerns us; and it hath conjectured in all ages: but information it hath none, except from the word of God; and even there, our limited capacities can receive it only in general and figurative expreſſions. We are told, "there will then reign fulneſs of joy, and pleaſures for evermore—that the righteous ſhall have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth

not away—where they ſhall ſhine forth, as the ſun, in the preſence of their father—where error, and ſin, and miſery ſhall be no more—where ſhall be aſſembled an innumerable company of angels, the general aſſembly of the church, the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect—that they ſhall neither hunger, nor thirſt any more—that all tears ſhall be wiped from their eyes—that there ſhall be neither death, nor ſorrow, nor pain."

From theſe, and ſuch expreſſions as theſe, though we cannot collect the entire nature of a future ſtate of happineſs, yet we can eaſily gather a few circumſtances, which muſt of courſe attend it; as, that it will be very great—that it will laſt for ever—that it will be of a nature entirely different from the happineſs of this world—that, as in this world, our paſſions and appetites prevail; in the next, reaſon and virtue will have the ſuperiority—"hunger and thirſt, tears and ſorrow," we read, "will be no more"—that is, all uneaſy paſſions and appetites will then be annihilated—all vain fears will be then removed—all anxious and intruding cares—and we ſhall feel ourſelves complete and perfect; and our happineſs, not dependent, as here, upon a thouſand precarious circumſtances, both within and without ourſelves, but conſiſtent, uniform, and ſtable.

On the other hand, we pretend not to inquire in what the puniſhment of the wicked conſiſts. In

the Scripture we find many expreſſions, from which we gather that it will be very great. It is there called, "an everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels---where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched---where ſhall be weeping, and gnaſhing of teeth---where the wicked ſhall drink of the wrath of God, poured without mixture into the cup of his indignation---where they ſhall have no reſt, neither by day nor night."

Though it becomes us certainly to put our interpretations with the greateſt caution and humility upon ſuch paſſages as theſe: yet "the worm that never dieth," and "the fire that is never quenched," are ſtrong expreſſions, and hardly to be evaded by any refinements of verbal criticiſm. Let the deiſt bravely argue down his fears, by demonſtrating the abſurdity of conſuming a ſpirit in material fire. Let him fully explain the nature of future puniſhment; and convince us, that where it cannot reform, it muſt be unjuſt.---But let us, with more modeſty, lay our hands humbly upon our breaſts, confeſs our ignorance; revere the appointments of God, whatever they may be; and prepare to meet them with holy hope, and trembling joy, and awful ſubmiſſion to his righteous will.

To the unenlightened heathen the eternity of future puniſhments appeared no ſuch unreaſonable doctrine. Their ſtate of the damned was of eter-

nal duration. A vulture for ever tore thoſe entrails, which were for ever renewed*.

Of one thing, however, we may be well aſſured (which may ſet us entirely at reſt in all our inquiries on this deep ſubject, that every thing will, in the end, be right---that a juſt and merciful God muſt act agreeably to juſtice and mercy---aud that the firſt of theſe attributes will moſt aſſuredly be tempered with the latter.

From the doctrine of future rewards and puniſhments, the great and moſt convincing practical truth which ariſes, is, that we cannot exert too much pains in qualifying ourſelves for the happineſs of a future world. As this happineſs will laſt for ever, how beneficial will be the exchange---this world, "which is but for a moment, for that everlaſting weight of glory which fadeth not away!"

Vice, on the other hand, receives the greateſt diſcouragement from this doctrine, as every ſin we commit in this world may be conſidered as an addition to an everlaſting account in the next.

——Sedet, æternumque ſedebit
Infelix Theſeus. Æn. vi. 616.

On Intemperance in Drinking.

BY DEAN BOLTON.

THE arguments againſt drunkenneſs, which the common reaſon of mankind ſuggeſts, are theſe—

The contemptible figure which it gives us:

The hindrance it is to any confidence being repoſed in us, ſo far as our ſecrecy is concerned:

The dangerous advantage which it affords the crafty and the knaviſh over us:

The bad effects which it hath on our health:

The prejudice which our minds receive from it:

Its *diſpoſing* us to *many crimes*, and *preparing* us for the *greateſt*:

The contemptible figure, which drunkenneſs gives us, is no weak argument for avoiding it.

Every reader has found the *Spartans* mentioned, as inculcating ſobriety on their *children*, by expoſing to their notice the behaviour of their ſlaves in a drunken fit. They thought, that were they to apply wholly to the reaſon of the *youths*, it might be to little purpoſe: as the force of the arguments, which they uſed, might not be ſufficiently apprehended, or the impreſſion thereof might be ſoon effaced: but when they made them frequently eye-witneſſes of all the madneſs and abſurdities, and at length the perfect ſenſeleſſneſs, which the immo-

derate draught occaſioned; the idea of the *vile change* would be ſo fixed in the minds of its beholders, as to render them utterly averſe from its cauſe.

And may we not juſtly conclude it to be from hence, that the offſpring of the perſons who are accuſtomed thus to diſguiſe themſelves, often prove remarkably ſober? They avoid, in their *riper years*, their parent's crime, from the deteſtation of it, which they contracted in their *earlier*. As to moſt other vices, their debaſing circumſtances are not fully known to us till we have attained a maturity of age, nor can be then, till they have been duly attended to: but in our very childhood, at our firſt beholding the effects of drunkenneſs, we are ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, that a reaſonable being ſhould be thus changed—ſhould be induced to make himſelf ſuch an object of contempt and ſcorn. And, indeed, we muſt have the man in the *utmoſt* contempt whom we hear and ſee in his progreſs to exceſs; at firſt, teazing you with his contentiouſneſs or impertinence—miſtaking your meaning and hardly knowing his own—then, faultering in his ſpeech—unable to get through an entire ſentence—his hand trembling—his eyes ſwimming—his legs too feeble to ſupport him; till, at length, you only know the human creature by his ſhape.

I cannot but add, that were one of any ſenſe to have a juſt notion of all the ſilly things he ſays or

does, of the wretched appearance, which he makes in a *drunken fit*, he could not want a more powerful argument againſt repeating his crime.

A ſecond objection to drunkenneſs is, that it hinders any confidence being repoſed in us, ſo far as our ſecrecy is concerned.

Who can truſt the man that is not maſter of himſelf? Wine, as it leſſens our caution, ſo it prompts us to ſpeak our thoughts without reſerve: when it has ſufficiently inflamed us, all the ſuggeſtions of prudence paſs for the apprehenſions of cowardice; we are regardleſs of conſequences; our foreſight is gone, and our fear with it. Here then the artful perſon properly introducing the ſubject, urging us to enter upon it—and, after that, praiſing, or blaming, or contradicting, or queſtioning us, is ſoon able to draw from us whatever information he deſires to obtain.

The young debauchee ſoon experiences the iſſue of his miſconduct---ſoon finds his food diſreliſhed, his ſtomach weakened, his ſtrength decayed, his body waſted. In the flower of his youth, he often feels all the infirmities of extreme old age; and when not yet in the middle of human life, is got to the end of his own.

If we have attained to manhood, to our full vigour, before we run into the exceſs, from which I am diſſuading; we may, indeed, poſſibly be many

years in breaking a good conſtitution: but then, if a ſudden ſtroke diſpatch us not; if we are not cut off without the leaſt leiſure given us to implore the mercy of heaven; to how much uneaſineſs are we, generally, reſerved---what a variety of painful diſtempers threaten us! All of them there is very little probability we ſhould eſcape; and under which ſoever of them we may labour, we ſhall experience its cure hopeleſs, and its ſeverity the ſaddeſt leſſon, how dear the purchaſe was of our former mirth.

Every time we offend in it, we are firſt madmen, and then idiots; we firſt ſay, and do, a thouſand the moſt ridiculous and extravagant things, and then appear quite void of ſenſe. By annexing theſe conſtant inconveniences to drinking immoderately, it ſeems the deſign of a wiſe Providence to teach us, what we may fear from a habit of it—to give us a foretaſte of the miſeries which it will at length bring upon us, not for a few hours alone, but for the whole remainder of our lives. What numbers have, by hard drinking, fallen into an incurable diſtraction! And who was ever for many years a ſot, without deſtroying the quickneſs of his apprehenſion, and the ſtrength of his memory? What mere drivellers have ſome of the beſt capacities become, after a long courſe of exceſs!

As we drink to raiſe our ſpirits, but, by thus

raiſing, we weaken them; ſo whatever freſh vigour our parts may ſeem to derive from our wine, it is a vigour which waſtes them; which, by being often thus called out, deſtroys its ſource, our natural fancy and underſtanding. It is like a man's ſpending upon his principal: he may, for a ſeaſon, make a figure much ſuperior to *his*, who ſupports himſelf upon the intereſt of his fortune; but is ſure to be undone, when the other is unhurt.

From all the obſervations which we can make on the human frame, it may be fairly ſuppoſed, that it is not reaſonable to think we can be, for many years inflaming our brains, without injuring them—be continually diſordering the moſt delicate parts of our machine, without impairing them. A lively imagination, a quick apprehenſion, a retentive memory, depend upon parts in our ſtructure, which are more eaſily hurt, than ſuch, whoſe ſound ſtate is neceſſary for the preſervation of mere life: and therefore we perceive thoſe ſeveral faculties often entirely loſt, long before the body drops. The man is very frequently ſeen to ſurvive himſelf —to continue a living creature, after he has, for ſome years, ceaſed to be a rational one. And to this deplorable ſtate nothing is more likely to bring us, than a habit of drunkenneſs; as there is no vice that more immediately affects thoſe organs,

by the help of which we apprehend, reaſon, remember, and perform the like acts.

What, *ſixthly*, ought to raiſe in us the utmoſt abhorrence of drunkenneſs is, the conſideration of the many crimes to which it diſpoſes us. He, through whoſe veins the inflaming portion has ſpread itſelf, muſt be under a greater temptation to lewdneſs, than you can think him in any other circumſtances: and from the little reaſoning, of which he is then capable, as to the difference of the two crimes, would heſitate no more at adultery than fornication.

Thus, alſo, for immoderate anger, contention, ſcurrility and abuſe, acts of violence, and the moſt injurious treatment of others; they are all offences, into which drunkenneſs is moſt apt to betray us; ſo apt to do it, that you will ſcarcely find a company drinking to exceſs, without many provoking ſpeeches and actions paſſing in it—without more or leſs ſtrife, before it ſeparates. We even perceive the moſt gentle and peaceable, the moſt humane and civilized, when they are ſober, no ſooner intoxicated, than they put off all thoſe commendable qualities, and aſſume, as it were, a new nature—a nature as different from their former, as the moſt untractable and fierceſt of the brute kind are, from the moſt accompliſhed and amiable of our own.

On Intemperance in Eating.

FROM THE SAME.

HE is the temperate man whoſe health directs his appetite—who is beſt pleaſed with what beſt agrees with him—who eats, not to gratify his taſte, but to preſerve his life—who is the ſame at every table, as at his own—who, when he feaſts, is not cloyed; and ſees all the delicacies before him, that luxury can accumulate; yet preſerves a due abſtinence amidſt them.

The rulers of temperance not only oblige us to abſtain from what *now does*, or what we are ſure *ſoon will*, hurt us; we offend againſt them, when we avoid not whatever has a *probability* of being hurtful to us—They are, further, tranſgreſſed by too great nicety, about our food—by much ſolicitude and eagerneſs to procure what we moſt reliſh—by *frequently* eating to ſatiety.

In thus deſcribing temperance, let me not be underſtood to cenſure, as a failure therein, all regard to the food that beſt pleaſes us, when it is equally wholeſome with other kinds—when its price is neither unſuitable to our circumſtances, nor very great—when it may be conveniently procured—when we are not anxious about it—when we do not

frequently ſeek after it—when we are always moderate in its uſe.

The diſſuaſives from intemperate eating that appear of greateſt weight, are theſe:

It is the groſſeſt abuſe of the gifts of Providence.

It is the vileſt debaſement of ourſelves.

Our bodies owe to it the moſt painful diſeaſes, and, generally, a ſpeedy decay.

It frequently interrupts the uſe of our nobler faculties, and is ſure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them.

The ſtraits to which it often reduces us, occaſion our falling into crimes, which would, otherwiſe, have been our utter abhorrence.

Life, as we have been wiſely taught to conſider it, *is more than meat.* Man could not be ſent into the world but for quite different purpoſes than merely to indulge his palate. He has an underſtanding given him, which he may, greatly improve; many are the perfections which he is qualified to attain; much good to his fellow-creatures he has abilities to do: and all this may be truly ſaid of all mankind; all of us may improve our reaſon, may proceed in virtue, may be uſeful to our fellow-creatures. There are none, therefore, to whom it is not a foul reproach, that their belly is their God—

that they are more ſolicitous to favour, and thereby to ſtrengthen, the importunity of their appetite, than to weaken and maſter it, by frequent reſiſtance and reſtraint.

Let me, alſo, conſider intemperance in what we eat, as frequently interrupting the uſe of our nobler faculties; and ſure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them. How long is it before we are really ourſelves, after our ſtomach has received its *full load!* Under it, our ſenſes are dulled, our memory clouded, heavineſs and ſtupidity poſſeſs us: ſome *hours* muſt paſs before our vivacity returns, before reaſon can again act with its full vigour. The man is not ſeen to advantage, his real abilities are not to be diſcovered, till the effects of his gluttony are removed, till his conſtitution has thrown off the weight that oppreſſed it.

The hours preceding a plentiful meal, or thoſe which ſucceed its entire digeſtion, are, we all find, ſuch, in which we are fitteſt to tranſact our affairs, in which all the acts of the underſtanding are beſt exerted.

How ſmall a part of his time is therefore the luxurious man himſelf! What between the length of his repaſts—the ſpace during which he is, as it were, ſtupified by his exceſs in them—the many hours of *ſleep* that he wants to refreſh, and of *exerciſe* to ſtrengthen him; within how ſmall a compaſs

is that portion of his life brought, in which his rational powers are fitly displayed!

In the vigour of youth, in the full ſtrength of manhood, an uncontrouled gratification of appetite allows only ſhort intervals of clear apprehenſion, of cloſe attention, and the free uſe of our judgment: but if, either through an uncommonly firm conſtitution, or by ſpending all thoſe hours in exerciſe, which are not paſſed at our tables or in our beds, we are enabled, notwithſtanding ſuch gratification, to reach a more advanced age; what a melancholy ſpectacle do we then frequently afford! our memory, our wit, our ſenſe almoſt wholly deſtroyed,---there remains ſcarce allowing a conjecture to be formed thence, what they have been---the ruins of the man hardly furniſhing a trace of his former ornaments.

Moſt of thoſe diſeaſes which luxury brings upon our bodies are, indeed, a gradual impairing of our intellectual faculties: the mind ſhares the diſorder of its companion, acts as that permits, diſcovers a greater or leſs capacity, according to the other's more or leſs perfect ſtate. And as the body, when dead, is totally unfit to be acted upon by the ſoul; ſo the nearer it is brought to death by our gluttony, the more we increaſe its unfitneſs to diſplay, by how noble a principle it is actuated, what the extent of thoſe abilities is, which the bounty of our

infinitely good and powerful Creator has afforded us.

Cruelty to Animals.

BY POPE.

MONTAIGNE thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs: yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering

them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows and martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs; ſo that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

Violence and Contention.

BY BLAIR.

ACCUSTOM yourſelves, alſo, to reflect on the ſmall moment of thoſe things which are the uſual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a falſe medium. The moſt inconſiderable point of

intereſt, or honour, ſwells into a momentous object; and the ſlighteſt attack ſeems to threaten immediate ruin. But after paſſion or pride has ſubſided, we look round in vain for the mighty miſchiefs we dreaded: the fabric, which our diſturbed imagination had reared, totally diſappears. But though the cauſe of contention has dwindled away, its conſequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have embittered an enemy; we have ſown the ſeeds of future ſuſpicion, malevolence, or diſguſt.—Suſpend your violence, I beſeech you, for a moment, when cauſes of diſcord occur. Anticipate that period of coolneſs, which, of itſelf, will ſoon arrive. Allow yourſelves to think, how little you have any proſpect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happineſs of life you are certain of throwing away. Eaſily, and from the ſmalleſt chink, the bitter waters of ſtrife are let forth; but their courſe cannot be foreſeen; and he ſeldom fails of ſuffering moſt from the poiſonous effect, who firſt allowed them to flow.

On Gentleneſs.

FROM THE SAME.

BUT gentleneſs will, moſt of all, be promoted by frequent views of thoſe great objects which our holy religion preſents. Let the proſpects of immortality fill your minds. Look upon this world as a ſtate of paſſage. Conſider yourſelves as engaged in the purſuit of higher intereſts; as acting now, under the eye of God, an introductory part to a more important ſcene. Elevated by ſuch ſentiments, your minds will become calm and ſedate. You will look down, as from a ſuperior ſtation, on the petty diſturbances of the world. They are the ſelfiſh, the ſenſual, and the vain, who are moſt ſubject to the impotence of paſſion. They are linked ſo cloſely to the world; by ſo many ſides they touch every object, and every perſon around them, that they are perpetually hurt, and perpetually hurting others. But the ſpirit of true religion removes us to a proper diſtance from the grating objects of worldly contentions. It leaves us ſufficiently connected with the world, for acting our part in it with propriety; but diſengages us from it ſo far, as to weaken its power of diſturbing our tranquillity. It inſpires magnanimity; and

magnanimity always breathes gentleneſs. It leads us to view the follies of men with pity, not with rancour; and to treat, with the mildneſs of a ſuperior nature, what in little minds would call forth all the bitterneſs of paſſion.

Aided by ſuch conſiderations, let us cultivate that gentle wiſdom which is, in ſo many reſpects, important both to our duty and our happineſs. Let us aſſume it as the ornament of every age, and of every ſtation. Let it temper the petulance of youth, and ſoften the moroſeneſs of old age. Let it mitigate authority in thoſe who rule, and promote deference among thoſe who obey. I conclude with repeating the caution, not to miſtake for true gentleneſs, that flimſy imitation of it, called poliſhed manners, which often, among the men of the world, under a ſmooth appearance, conceals much aſperity. Let yours be native gentleneſs of heart, flowing from the love of God, and the love of men. Unite this amiable ſpirit, with a proper zeal for all that is right, and juſt, and true. Let piety be combined in your character with humanity. Let determined integrity dwell in a mild and gentle breaſt. A character thus ſupported, will command more real reſpect than can be procured by the moſt ſhining accompliſhments, when ſeparated from virtue.

The Balance of Happineſs equal.

FROM THE SAME.

AN extenſive contemplation of human affairs will lead us to this concluſion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happineſs is preſerved in a great meaſure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compenſations, both of pleaſure and of pain, univerſally take place. Providence never intended, that any ſtate here ſhould be either completely happy, or entirely miſerable. If the feelings of pleaſure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, ſuch alſo are thoſe of pain. If greatneſs flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increaſes our gratifications, it increaſes, in the ſame proportion, our deſires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie moſt of thoſe natural ſatisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the moſt genuine and true. In a ſtate, therefore, where there is neither ſo much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at firſt appears, how

ſubmiſſive ought we to be to the diſpoſal of Providence! How temperate in our deſires and purſuits! How much more attentive to preſerve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly proſperity!

On Education.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

I CONSIDER a human ſoul without education like marble in the quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent beauties, until the ſkill of the poliſher fetches out the colours, makes the ſurface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental cloud, ſpot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection.

The philoſopher, the ſaint, or the hero, the wiſe, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have diſ-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of ſavage nations, and with contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to ſee courage exerting itſelf in fierce-

neſs, reſolution in obſtinacy, wiſdom in cunning, patience in ſullenneſs and deſpair.

Men's paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and ſwayed by reaſon. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreſſes itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul, which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuſe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies; that we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the proſpects of happineſs in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it!

It is therefore an unſpeakable bleſſing to be born in thoſe parts of the world where wiſdom and knowledge flouriſh; though it muſt be confeſſed there are, even in theſe parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed perſons, who are but little above the inhabitants

of thoſe nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the advantage of a more liberal education, riſe above one another by ſeveral different degrees of perfection.

On Bad Company.

BY GILPIN.

"EVIL communication," ſays the text, "corrupts good manners." The aſſertion is general, and no doubt all people ſuffer from ſuch communication; but above all, the minds of youth will ſuffer; which are yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurniſhed; and ready to receive any impreſſion.

But before we conſider the danger of keeping bad company, let us firſt ſee the meaning of the phraſe.

In the phraſe of the world, good company means faſhionable people. Their ſtations in life, not their morals, are conſidered: and he, who aſſociates with ſuch, though they ſet him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is ſtill ſaid to keep good company.—I ſhould wiſh you to fix another meaning to the expreſſion; and to conſider vice in the ſame deteſ-

table light, in whatever company it is found; nay, to conſider all company in which it is found, be their ſtation what it will, as bad company.

The three following claſſes will perhaps include the greateſt part of thoſe, who deſerve this appellation.

In the firſt, I ſhould rank all who endeavour to deſtroy the principles of Chriſtianity—who jeſt upon Scripture—talk blaſphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A ſecond claſs of bad company are thoſe, who have a tendency to deſtroy in us the principles of common honeſty, and integrity. Under this head we may rank gameſters of every denomination; and the low and infamous characters of every profeſſion.

A third claſs of bad company, and ſuch as are commonly moſt dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleaſure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Beſides theſe three claſſes, whom we may call bad company, there are others will come under the denomination of ill-choſen company: trifling, inſipid characters of every kind; who follow no buſineſs—are led by no ideas of improvement—but ſpend their time in diſſipation and folly—whoſe

higheſt praiſe it is, that they are only not vicious. With none of theſe, a ſerious man would wiſh his ſon to keep company.

It may be aſked what is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind: they meet us in every place: and if we keep company at all, it is impoſſible to avoid keeping company with ſuch perſons.

It is true, if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we muſt, as the apoſtle remarks, "altogether go out of the world." By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a caſual intercourſe with them, on occaſions of buſineſs, or as they accidently fall in our way; but having an inclination to conſort with them—complying with that inclination—ſeeking their company, when we might avoid it—entering into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occaſionally cannot be avoided.

The danger of keeping bad company, ariſes principally from our aptneſs to imitate and catch the manners and ſentiments of others—from the power of cuſtom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us*.

* See this ſubject treated more at large in an anonymous pamphlet, on the Employment of Time.

In our earlieſt youth, the contagion of manners is obſervable. In the boy, yet incapable of having any thing inſtilled into him, we eaſily diſcover from his firſt actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of perſons with whom he has been brought up; we ſee the early ſpring of a civilized education, or the firſt wild ſhoots of ruſticity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and converſation, all take their caſt from the company he keeps. Obſerve the peaſant, and the man of education; the difference is ſtriking. And yet God hath beſtowed equal talents on each. The only difference is, they have been thrown into different ſcenes of life; and have had commerce with perſons of different ſtations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more eaſily caught, than opinions and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the ſentiments of thoſe about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourſelves? How many of us are ſatisfied with taking our opinions at ſecond hand?

The great power and force of cuſtom forms another argument againſt keeping bad company. However ſeriouſly diſpoſed we may be; and however ſhocked at the firſt approaches of vice; this ſhocking appearance goes off, upon an intimacy

with it. Cuſtom will ſoon render the moſt diſguſtful thing familiar. And this is indeed a kind proviſion of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more eaſy to him. The raw ſoldier, who trembles at the firſt encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and of courſe indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a miſchief. The well-diſpoſed youth, entering firſt into bad company, is ſhocked at what he hears, and what he ſees. The good principles which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming leſſon againſt the wickedneſs of his companions. But, alas! this ſenſibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yeſterday more eaſily endured. Virtue is ſoon thought a ſevere rule; the goſpel, an inconvenient reſtraint: a few pangs of conſcience now and then interrupt his pleaſures; and whiſper to him, that he once had better thoughts; but even theſe by degrees die away; and he who at firſt was ſhocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by cuſtom into a profligate leader of vicious pleaſures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So carefully ſhould we oppoſe the firſt

approaches of ſin! ſo vigilant ſhould we be againſt ſo inſidious an enemy!

Our own bad inclinations form another argument againſt bad company. We have ſo many paſſions and appetites to govern: ſo many bad propenſities of different kinds to watch, that, amidſt ſuch a variety of enemies within, we ought at leaſt to be on our guard againſt thoſe without. The breaſt even of a good man is repreſented in ſcripture, and experienced in fact, to be in a ſtate of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way; while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the ſcriptures repreſent this as the caſe even of a good man, whoſe paſſions, it may be imagined, are become in ſome degree cool and temperate, and who has made ſome progreſs in a virtuous courſe; what may we ſuppoſe to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whoſe paſſions and appetites are violent and ſeducing, and whoſe mind is in a ſtill leſs confirmed ſtate? It is his part ſurely to keep out of the way of temptation; and to give his bad inclinations as little room as poſſible to acquire new ſtrength.

On Serioufneſs.

FROM THE MANNERS OF THE GREAT.

NOTHING, perhaps, more plainly diſcovers the faint impreſſion which religion has really made upon our hearts, than this diſinclination, even of good people, to ſerious converſation. Let me not be miſunderſtood; I do not mean the wrangle of debate; I do not mean the gall of controverſy; I do not mean the fiery ſtrife of *opinions*, than which nothing can be leſs favourable to good nature, good manners, or good ſociety. But it were to be wiſhed, that it was not thought ill-bred and indiſcreet that the eſcapes of the tongue ſhould now and then betray the "abundance of the heart:" that when ſuch ſubjects are caſually introduced, a diſcouraging coldneſs did not inſtantly take place of that ſprightly animation of countenance which made common topics intereſting. If theſe outward and viſible ſigns were unequivocal, we ſhould form but moderate ideas of the inward and ſpiritual grace. It were to be wiſhed, that ſuch ſubjects were not thought dull *merely* becauſe they are good; that they had the common chance of fair diſcuſſion; and that parts and learning were not aſhamed to exert themſelves on occaſions where both might appear to ſo much advantage.

If the heart were really intereſted, could the affections forbear now and then to break out into language? Artiſts, phyſicians, merchants, lawyers, and ſcholars, keep up the ſpirit of their profeſſions by mutual intercourſe. New lights are ſtruck out, improvements are ſuggeſted, emulation is kindled, love of the object is inflamed, miſtakes are rectified, and deſire of excellence is excited, by communication. And is piety alone ſo very eaſy of acquiſition, ſo very natural to our corrupt hearts, or ſo certainly progreſſive of itſelf, as to require none of the helps which are indiſpenſable on all other ſubjects? Travellers, who are to viſit any particular country, are full of earneſt inquiry, and diligent reſearch; they think nothing indifferent by which their future pleaſure or advantage may be effected. Every hint which may procure them any information, or caution them againſt any danger, is thankfully received; and all this, becauſe they are really in *earneſt* in their preparation for this journey; and do fully *believe*, not only that there is ſuch a country, but that they have a perſonal intereſt in the good, or evil, which may be found in it.

On Venial Sins.

FROM THE SAME.

ONE great danger, even to good kind of people, ſeems to ariſe from a miſtaken idea, that only great and actual ſins are to be guarded againſt. Whereas, ſins of omiſſion make up, perhaps, the moſt formidable part of *their* catalogue of offences. Theſe generally ſupply in number what they want in weight, and are the more dangerous for being little oſtenſible. They continue to be repeated with leſs regret, becauſe the remembrance of their predeceſſors does not, like the remembrance of formal actual crimes, aſſume a body and a ſhape, and terrify by the impreſſion of particular ſcenes and circumſtances. While the memory of tranſacted evil haunts a tender conſcience by perpetual apparition; omitted duty, having no local or perſonal exiſtence, not being recorded by ſtanding acts and deeds, and having no diſtinct image to which the mind may recur, ſinks into quiet oblivion, without deeply wounding the conſcience, or tormenting the imagination. Theſe omiſſions were, perhaps, among the "ſecret ſins," from which the royal penitent ſo earneſtly deſired to be cleanſed: and it is worthy of the moſt ſerious conſideration, that theſe are the offences

againſt which the Goſpel pronounces very alarming denunciations. It is not leſs againſt negative than actual evil, that affectionate exhortation, lively remonſtrance, and pointed parable, are exhauſted. It is againſt the tree which bore NO fruit, the lamp which had NO oil, the unprofitable ſervant who made NO uſe of his talent, that the ſevere ſentence is denounced: as well as againſt *corrupt* fruit, *bad* oil, and talents *ill* employed. We are led to believe, from the ſame high authority, that omitted duties, and neglected opportunities, will furniſh no inconſiderable portion of our future condemnation. A very awful part of the deciſion, in the great day of account, ſeems to be reſerved merely for omiſſions and negatives. Ye gave me NO meat; ye gave me NO drink; ye took me NOT in; ye viſited me NOT. On the puniſhment attending poſitive crimes, as being more naturally obvious, more logically conſequent, it was not, perhaps, thought ſo neceſſary to inſiſt.

Religion,—miſtaken Views of it.

FROM THE SAME.

ANOTHER cauſe, which ſtill further impedes the reception of Religion even among the well-

diſpoſed, is, that garment of ſadneſs in which people delight to ſuppoſe her dreſſed; and that life of hard auſterity, and pining abſtinence, which they pretend ſhe enjoins her diſciples. And it were well if this were only the miſrepreſentation of her declared enemies; but, unhappily, it is the too frequent miſconception of her injudicious friends. But ſuch an overcharged picture is not more unamiable than it is unlike; for I will venture to affirm, that Religion, with all her beautiful and becoming ſanctity, impoſes fewer ſacrifices, not only of rational, but of pleaſurable enjoyment, than the uncontrolled dominion of any one vice. Her ſervice is not only perfect ſafety, but perfect freedom. She is not ſo tyrannizing as Paſſion, ſo exacting as the World, nor ſo deſpotic as Faſhion. Let us try the caſe by a parallel, and examine it, not as affecting our virtue, but our pleaſure. Does Religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life as rigorouſly as Avarice forbids them? Does ſhe require ſuch ſacrifices of our eaſe as Ambition; or ſuch renunciations of our quiet as Pride? Does Devotion *murder ſleep* like Diſſipation? Does ſhe deſtroy Health like Intemperance? Does ſhe annihilate Fortune like Gaming? Does ſhe imbitter Life like Diſcord; or abridge it like Duelling? Does Religion impoſe more vigilance than Suſpicion; or half as many mortifications as Vanity? Vice has

her martyrs: and the moſt auſtere and ſelf-denying Aſcetic (who miſtakes the genius of Chriſtianity almoſt as much as her enemies) never tormented himſelf with ſuch cruel and cauſeleſs ſeverity as that with which Envy lacerates her unhappy votaries. Worldly honour obliges us to be at the trouble of reſenting injuries; but Religion ſpares us that inconvenience by commanding us to forgive them; and by this injunction conſults our happineſs no leſs than our virtue; for the torment of conſtantly hating any one muſt be, at leaſt, equal to the ſin of it.—If this eſtimate be fairly made, then is the balance clearly on the ſide of Religion even in the article of pleaſure.

On Candour.

FROM THE SAME.

EVERY man who is ſincerely in earneſt to advance the intereſts of religion, will have acquired ſuch a degree of candour as to become indifferent by whom good is done, or who has the reputation of doing it, provided it be actually done. He will be anxious to increaſe the ſtock of human virtue and of human happineſs, by every poſſible means. He will whet and ſharpen every inſtrument of

goodneſs, though it be not caſt in his own mould, or faſhioned after his own pattern. He will never conſider whether the form ſuits his own particular taſte, but whether the inſtrument itſelf be calculated to accompliſh the work of his maſter. It is a teſt by which he will be able to judge of his own ſincerity, if the delight he feels at hearing of a meritorious action ſuffers no abatement, becauſe it was performed by one who differs from him in his religious, or even his political, ſentiments.

Ridicule dangerous to Morality and Religion.

BY SMOLLET.

THE unbounded freedom and licentiouſneſs of raillery and ridicule, is become of late years ſo faſhionable among us, and hath already been attended with ſuch fatal and deſtructive conſequences, as to give a reaſonable alarm to all friends of virtue. Writers have roſe up within this laſt century, who have endeavoured to blend and confound the colours of good and evil, to laugh us out of our religion, and undermine the very foundations of morality. The character of the Scoffer hath, by an unaccountable favour and indulgence, met not only

with pardon, but approbation, and hath therefore been almoſt univerſally ſought after and admired. Ridicule hath been called (and this for no other reaſon but becauſe Lord Shafteſbury told us ſo) the teſt of truth, and, as ſuch, has been applied indiſcriminately to every ſubject.

But in oppoſition to all the puny followers of Shafteſbury and Bolingbroke, all the laughing moraliſts of the laſt age, and all the ſneering ſatyriſts of this, I ſhall not ſcruple to declare, that I look on ridicule as an oppreſſive and arbitrary tyrant, who like death throws down all diſtinction; blind to the charms of virtue, and deaf to the complaints of truth; a bloody Moloch, who delights in human ſacrifice; who loves to feed on the fleſh of the poor, and to drink the tear of the afflicted; who doubles the weight of poverty by ſcorn and laughter, and throws the poiſon of contempt into the cup of diſtreſs to embitter the draught.

Truth, ſay the Shafteſburians, cannot poſſibly be an object of ridicule, and therefore cannot ſuffer by it:—to which the anſwer is extremely obvious: Truth, naked, undiſguiſed, cannot, we will acknowledge with them, be ridiculed; but Truth, like every thing elſe, may be miſrepreſented: it is the buſineſs of ridicule therefore to diſguiſe her; to dreſs her up in a ſtrange and fantaſtic habit; and

when this is artfully performed, it is no wonder that the crowd ſhould ſmile at her deformity.

The nobleſt philoſopher and the beſt moraliſt in the heathen world, the great and immortal Socrates, fell a ſacrifice to this pernicious talent: ridicule firſt miſrepreſented, and afterwards deſtroyed him: the deluded multitude condemned him, not for what he was, but for what he appeared to be, an enemy to the religion of his country.

The folly and depravity of mankind will always furniſh out a ſufficient fund for ridicule; and when we conſider how vaſt and ſpacious a field the little ſcene of human life affords for malice and ill-nature, we ſhall not ſo much wonder to ſee the lover of ridicule rejoicing in it. Here he has always an opportunity of gratifying his pride, and ſatiating his malevolence: from the frailties and abſurdities of others, he forms a wreath to adorn his own brow; gathers together, with all his art, the failings and imperfections of others, and offers them up a ſacrifice to ſelf-love. The loweſt and moſt abandoned of mankind can ridicule the moſt exalted beings; thoſe who never could boaſt of their own perfection,

Nor raiſe their thoughts beyond the earth they tread,
Even theſe can cenſure, thoſe can dare deride
A Bacon's avarice, or a Tully's pride.

It were well indeed for mankind, if ridicule would confine itself to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, and not extend its baleful influence over the few good qualities and perfections of it: but there is not perhaps a virtue to be named, which may not, by the medium through which it is seen, be distorted into a vice. The glass of ridicule reflects things not only darkly, but falsely also: it always discolours the objects before it ventures to represent them to us. The purest metal, by the mixture of a base alloy, shall seem changed to the meanest. Ridicule, in the same manner, will clothe prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage rashness, and brand good-nature with the name of prodigality; will laugh at the compassionate man for his weakness, the serious man for his preciseness, and the pious man for hypocrisy.

Modesty is one of virtue's best supports; and it is observable, that wherever this amiable quality is most eminently conspicuous, ridicule is always ready to attack and overthrow it. The man of wit and humour is never so happy as when he can raise the blush of ingenuous merit, or stamp the marks of deformity and guilt on the features of innocence and beauty. Thus may our perfections conspire to render us both unhappy and contemptible!

The lover of ridicule will, no doubt, plead in

the defence of it, that his design is to reclaim and reform mankind; that he is listed in the service of Virtue, and engaged in the cause of Truth;—but I will venture to assure him, that the allies he boasts of disclaim his friendship and despise his assistance. Truth desires no such soldier to fight under his banner; Virtue wants no such advocate to plead for her. As it is generally exercised, it is too great a punishment for small faults, too light and inconsiderable for great ones: the little foibles and blemishes of a character deserve rather pity than contempt: the more atrocious crimes call for hatred and abhorrence. Thus, we see, that in one case the medicine operates too powerfully, and in the other is of no effect.

I might take this opportunity to add, that ridicule is not always contented with ravaging and destroying the works of man, but boldly and impiously attacks those of God; enters even into the sanctuary, and prophanes the temple of the Most High. A late noble writer has made use of it to asperse the characters and destroy the validity of the writers of both the Old and New Testament; and to change the solemn truths of Christianity into matter of mirth and laughter. The books of Moses are called by him fables and tales, fit only for the amusement of children: and St. Paul is treated by him as an enthusiast, an ideot, and an avowed ene-

my to that religion which he profeſſed. One would not ſurely think that there was any thing in Chriſtianity ſo ludicrous as to raiſe laughter, or to excite contempt; but on the contrary, that the nature of its precepts, and its own intrinſic excellence, would at leaſt have ſecured it from ſuch indignities.

It hath indeed been the fate of the beſt and pureſt religion in the world, to become the jeſt of fools; and not only, with its Divine Founder, to be ſcourged and perſecuted, but with him to be mocked and ſpit at, trampled on and deſpiſed. But to conſider the dreadful conſequences of ridicule on this occaſion, will better become the divine than eſſayiſt; to him therefore I ſhall refer it, and conclude this eſſay by obſerving, that after all the undeſerved encomiums ſo laviſhly beſtowed on this child of wit and malice, ſo univerſally approved and admired, I know of no ſervice the pernicious talent of ridicule can be of, unleſs it be to raiſe the bluſh of modeſty, and put virtue out of countenance; to enhance the miſeries of the wretched, and poiſon the feaſt of happineſs; to inſult man, affront God; to make us, in ſhort, hateful to our fellow-creatures, uneaſy to ourſelves, and highly diſpleaſing to the Almighty.

Detached Sentences.

THERE is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

To be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a man of merit.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itſelf hath its ſtated limits: which not being ſtrictly obſerved, it ceaſes to be virtue.

It is wiſer to prevent a quarrel before-hand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry ſecretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

The diſcretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to paſs over a tranſgreſſion.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is ſpread. There is no real uſe of riches, except in the diſtribution; the reſt is all conceit.

A wiſe man will deſire no more than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conſcience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the ſoul

againſt all gloomy preſages and terrors of mind; and that is, by ſecuring to ourſelves the friendſhip and protection of that Being, who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity.

Philoſophy is then only valuable, when it ſerves for the law of life, and not for the oſtentation of ſcience.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderneſs.

A man may have a thouſand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourſelf happy.

When once you profeſs yourſelf a friend, endeavour to be always ſuch. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Proſperity gains friends, and adverſity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſome addreſs, and graceful converſation.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhews want of breeding. That civility is beſt, which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime ſo ſhameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himſelf guilty of it.

Truth is born with us: and we muſt do violence to nature, to ſhake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than firſt to raiſe a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wiſe men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wiſdom to hide ignorance, as to diſcover knowledge.

Pitch upon that courſe of which is the moſt excellent; and habit will render it the moſt delightful.

Cuſtom is the plague of wiſe men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly juſt, is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever caſt down with the injuries of fortune, unleſs he had before ſuffered himſelf to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breaſt of a wiſe man, but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

None more impatiently ſuffer injuries, than thoſe that are moſt forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over he is ſuperior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindneſs ſhould begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miſer robs himſelf.

We ſhould take a prudent care for the future, but ſo as to enjoy the preſent. It is no part of wiſdom, to be miſerable to-day, becauſe we may happen to be ſo to-morrow.

To mourn without meaſure, is folly; not to mourn at all, inſenſibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and inſtruments: like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wiſe but by his own wiſdom.

He who wants good ſenſe is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

It is ungenerous to give a man occaſion to bluſh at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleaſing to the eye, than the ſight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any

muſic ſo agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is moſt current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be inſtructed what we ought to be.

The character of the perſon who commends you, is to be conſidered before you ſet a value on his eſteem. The wiſe man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous; the reſt of the world, him who is moſt wealthy.

The temperate man's pleaſures are durable, becauſe they are regular; and all his life is calm and ſerene, becauſe it is innocent.

A good man will love himſelf too well to loſe, and all his neighbours too well to win, an eſtate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the beſt principles in the world.

An angry man who ſuppreſſes his paſſions, thinks worſe than he ſpeaks; and an angry man that will chide, ſpeaks worſe than he thinks.

A good word is an eaſy obligation; but not to ſpeak ill, requires only our ſilence, which coſts us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew ſuch a part; ſhe has ſometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that ſparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, becauſe few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn: they ſhoot up, and raiſe their heads high, while they are empty: but when full and ſwelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with reſpect, and to pleaſe without adulation: and is equally remote from an inſipid complaiſance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more publiſhed in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deſerving man ſhall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praiſe: ſuch is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid cenſure than to gain applauſe! for this may be done by one great or wiſe action in an age; but to eſcape cenſure, a man muſt paſs his whole life without ſaying or doing one ill or fooliſh thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thouſand talents to divide Aſia equally with him, he anſwered, The earth cannot bear two ſuns, nor Aſia two kings.—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, ſaid,

'Were I Alexander I would accept them.'—'So 'would I (replied Alexander) were I Parmenio.'

Nobility is to be conſidered only as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon ſuch as have no perſonal merit, are at beſt but the royal ſtamp ſet upon baſe metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to poſterity, yet the ennobling qualities, which are the ſoul of greatneſs, are a ſort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and ſettle his ſenſe and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble deſcent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lye is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleaſure which affects the human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, is the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happineſs hereafter, large

as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls; without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things; for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things, shall fail by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends: but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends: when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipt, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed

through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of braſs; the death thereof is an evil death.

My ſon, blemiſh not thy good deeds, neither uſe uncomfortable words, when thou giveſt any thing. Shall not the dew aſſuage the heat? ſo is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou haſt examined the truth; underſtand firſt, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldeſt get a friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him; for ſome are friends for their own occaſions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forſake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou ſhalt drink it with pleaſure.

A friend cannot be known in proſperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adverſity.

Admoniſh thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admoniſh thy friend; it may be he hath not ſaid it; or if he have, that he ſpeak it not again. Admoniſh a friend; for many times it is a ſlander; and believe not every tale. There it one that ſlip-

peth in ſpeech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoſo diſcovereth ſecrets loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the ſorrows of thy mother; how canſt thou recompenſe them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing ſo much worth as a mind well inſtructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling ſuch things as pertain not unto them; but the words of ſuch as have underſtanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wiſe is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a ſweet life.

Be at peace with many; nevertheleſs, have but one counſellor of a thouſand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reaſon go before every enterprize, and counſel before every action.

The latter part of a wiſe man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and falſe opinions he had contracted in the former.

Cenſure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly ſpeaking, live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superſtition is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

He who tells a lye is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes; for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

Young men are ſubtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of paſſion all their follies.

Œconomy is no diſgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the proſperity of an honeſt man, I am beſt pleaſed with the confuſion of a raſcal.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

Every perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves if they were in their places.

People frequently uſe this expreſſion, I am inclined to think ſo and ſo, not conſidering that they are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

Modeſty makes large amends for the pain it gives the perſons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy perſon in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honeſty ſeems to be chiefly in the motive. The honeſt

man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the ſake of character.

A lyar begins with making falſehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſehood.

Virtue ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte, and we ſhould as much avoid deceit, or ſiniſter meanings in diſcourſe, as we would puns, bad language, or falſe grammar.

Deference is the moſt complicate, the moſt indirect, and the moſt elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

Shining characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones; the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, diſcovers at the ſame time a bad diſpoſition and a bad taſte.

How is it poſſible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not ſo much as take warning?

Although men are accuſed for not knowing their own weakneſs, yet perhaps as few know their own ſtrength. It is in men as in ſoils, where ſome-

times there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe, are not half ſo valuable as common ſenſe. There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, moſt miſchievous.

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but ſaying in other words, that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons or ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that thoſe are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers: as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a miſcroſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt articles, without ever

comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the ſame kind as that which they ſhew for a foot-ball: whenever it is conteſted for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the diſpute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but ſleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbiſh, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much leſs to remove.

Honour is but a fictious kind of honeſty; a mean but a neceſſary ſubſtitute for it, in ſocieties who have none; it is a ſort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the ſterling caſh of true moralily and religion.

Perſons of great delicacy ſhould know the certainty of the following truth—There are abundance of caſes which occaſion ſuſpence, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propenſity of human nature to fancy happineſs in thoſe ſchemes which it does not purſue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boaſt over modern ones, ſeems owing to ſimplicity. Every noble truth and ſentiment was expreſſed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phraſe ſimple, perſpicuous, and incapable of improve-

ment. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticiſm, and conceit?

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a God!

Men's evil manners live in braſs; their virtues we write in water.

If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

On forming a Style.

BY FELTON.

GIVE me leave to touch this ſubject, and draw out, for your uſe, ſome of the chief ſtrokes, ſome of the principal lineaments, and faireſt features, of a juſt and beautiful ſtyle. There is no neceſſity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a dry ſyſtem upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleaſure, and,

I hope, with equal profit, ſome deſultory thought in their native order, as they riſe in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marſhalled according to art.

To aſſiſt you, therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I ſhall proceed to ſay ſomething of what is required in a finiſhed piece to make it complete in all its parts, and maſterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable ſchemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method; the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind; but we muſt make allowances for the infirmities of nature; and ſince none is without his faults, the moſt that can be ſaid is, That he is the beſt writer, againſt whom the feweſt can be alledged.

"A compoſition is then perfect, when the "matter riſes out of the ſubject; when the thoughts "are agreeable to the matter, and the expreſſion "ſuitable to the thoughts; where there is no in-"conſiſtency from the beginning to the end; when "the whole is perſpicuous in the beautiful order "of its parts, and formed in due ſymmetry and "proportion."

In every ſprightly genius, the expreſſion will be ever lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful ſhould run out into unneceſſary branches; but when it is matured by age, and cor-

rected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the ſuperfluous ſhoots of fancy, thereby giving both ſtrength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of diſcipline is to young writers the greateſt ſelf-denial in the world: to confine the fancy, to ſtifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offſpring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the moſt delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praiſe, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to laviſh; the chippings and filings of theſe jewels, could they be preſerved, are of more value than the whole maſs of ordinary authors; and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to ſpare.

It is by no means neceſſary for me to run out into the ſeveral ſorts of writing: we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the ſtyle of an orator be different from that of an hiſtorian, and a poet's from both.

On a Maſtery of Language.

FROM THE SAME.

THE firſt thing requiſite to a juſt ſtyle, is a perfect maſtery in the language we write in; this is not ſo eaſily attained as is commonly imagined, and depends upon a competent knowledge of the force and propriety of words, a good natural taſte of ſtrength and delicacy, and all the beauties of expreſſion. It is my own opinion, that all the rules and critical obſervations in the world will never bring a man to a juſt ſtyle, who has not of himſelf a natural eaſy way of writing; but they will improve a good genius, where nature leads the way, provided he is not too ſcrupulous, and does not make himſelf a ſlave to his rules; for that will introduce a ſtiffneſs and affectation, which are utterly abhorrent from all good writing.

By a perfect maſtery in any language, I underſtand not only a ready command of words, upon every occaſion, not only the force and propriety of words as to their ſenſe and ſignification, but more eſpecially the purity and idiom of the language; for in this a perfect maſtery conſiſts. It is to know what is Engliſh, and what is Latin, what is French, Spaniſh, or Italian, to be able to mark the bounds of each language we write in, to point out the diſ-

tinguiſhing characters, and the peculiar phraſes of each tongue; what expreſſions or manner of expreſſion is common to any language beſides our own, and what is properly and peculiarly one phraſe, and way of ſpeaking. For this is to ſpeak or write Engliſh in purity and perfection, to let the ſtreams run clear and unmixed, without taking in other languages in the courſe: in Engliſh, therefore, I would have all Gallicisms (for inſtance) avoided, that our tongue may be ſincere, that we may keep to our own language, and not follow the French mode in our ſpeech, as we do in our clothes. It is convenient and profitable ſometimes to import a foreign word, and naturalize the phraſe of another nation, but this is very ſparingly to be allowed; and every ſyllable of foreign growth ought immediately to be diſcarded, if its uſe and ornament to our language be not very evident.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and ſtand in need of recruits to ſupply the place of thoſe words that are continually falling off through diſuſe: and ſince it is ſo, I think it is better to raiſe them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have ſufficient ſtrength and numbers within ourſelves: there is a vaſt treaſure, an inexhauſtible fund in the old Engliſh, from whence authors may draw conſtant ſupplies, as our officers

make their ſureſt recruits from the coal-works and the mines. The weight, the ſtrength, and ſignificancy of many antiquated words, ſhould recommend them to uſe again. It is only wiping off the ruſt they have contracted, and ſeparating them from the droſs they lie mingled with, and both in value and beauty they will riſe above the ſtandard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not ſo muſical to the ear, nor ſo abundant in multiplicity of words; but its ſtrength is real, and its words are therefore the more expreſſive: the peculiar character of our language is, that it is cloſe, compact, and full; and our writings (if you will excuſe two Latin words) come neareſt to what Tully means by his *Preſſa Oratio.* They are all weight and ſubſtance, good meaſure preſſed together, and running over in a redundancy of ſenſe, and not of words. And therefore the purity of our language conſiſts in preſerving this character, in writing with the Engliſh ſtrength and ſpirit: let us not envy others, that they are more ſoft, and diffuſe, and rarified; be it our commendation to write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want ſupplies, we had better revive old words, than create new ones. I look upon our language as good bullion, if we do not debaſe it with too much allay; and let me leave this cenſure with you, That he who corrupteth the purity

of the Engliſh tongue with the moſt ſpecious foreign words and phraſes, is juſt as wiſe as thoſe modiſh ladies that change their plate for china; for which I think the laudable traffic of old clothes is much the faireſt barter.

On Plainneſs and Perſpicuity.

FROM THE SAME.

AFTER this regard to the purity of our language, the next quality of a juſt ſtyle, is its plainneſs and perſpicuity. This is the greateſt commendation we can give an author, and the beſt argument that he is maſter of the language he writes in, and the ſubject he writes upon, when we underſtand him, and ſee into the ſcope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obſcurity of expreſſion, and darkneſs of ſenſe, do ariſe from the confuſion of the writer's thoughts, and his want of proper words. If a man hath not a clear perception of the matters he undertakes to treat of, be his ſtyle never ſo plain as to the words he uſes, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon this ſubject be never ſo juſt and diſtinct, unleſs he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of eaſy writing in plain obvious expreſ-

ſions, the words will perplex the ſenſe, and cloud the clearneſs of his thoughts.

It is the unhappineſs of ſome, that they are not able to expreſs themſelves clearly: their heads are crouded with a multiplicity of undigeſted knowledge, which lies confuſed in the brain, without any order or diſtinction. It is the vice of others, to affect obſcurity in their thoughts and language, to write in a difficult crabbed ſtyle, and perplex the reader with an intricate meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of offending againſt plainneſs and perſpicuity of ſtyle, is an affectation of hard unuſual words, and of cloſe contracted periods: the faults of pedants and ſententious writers! that are vainly oſtentatious of their learning, or their wiſdom. Hard words and quaint expreſſions are abominable: wherever you meet ſuch a writer, throw him aſide for a coxcomb. Some authors of reputation have uſed a ſhort and conciſe way of expreſſion. I muſt own; and if they are not ſo clear as others, the fault is to be laid on the brevity they labour after: for while we ſtudy to be conciſe, we can hardly avoid being obſcure. We croud our thoughts into too ſmall a compaſs, and are ſo ſparing of our words, that we will not afford enough to expreſs our meaning.

There is another extreme in obſcure writers, not

much taken notice of, which ſome empty conceited heads are apt to run into out of a prodigality of words, and a want of ſenſe. This is the extravagance of your copious writers, who loſe their meaning in the multitude of words, and bury their ſenſe under heaps of phraſes. Their underſtanding is rather rarified than condenſed: their meaning, we cannot ſay, is dark and thick; it is too light and ſubtle to be diſcerned: it is ſpread ſo thin, and diffuſed ſo wide, that it is hard to be collected. Two lines would expreſs all they ſay in two pages: it is nothing but whipt ſyllabub and froth, a little varniſh and gilding, without any ſolidity or ſubſtance.

On the Decorations and Ornaments of Style.

FROM THE SAME.

THE deepeſt rivers have the plaineſt ſurface, and the pureſt waters are always cleareſt. Cryſtal is not the leſs ſolid for being tranſparent; the value of a ſtyle riſes like the value of precious ſtones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to poliſh it: it bears its worth in its native looks, and the ſame

art which enhances its price when it is clear, only debaſes it if it be dull.

You ſee I have borrowed ſome metaphors to explain my thoughts; and it is, I believe, impoſſible to deſcribe the plainneſs and clearneſs of ſtyle, without ſome expreſſion clearer than the terms I am otherwiſe bound up to uſe.

You muſt give me leave to go on with you to the decorations and ornaments of ſtyle: there is no inconſiſtency between the plainneſs and perſpicuity, and the ornament of writing. A ſtyle reſembleth beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to ſymmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements, as to features and complexion. If I may tranſgreſs in too frequent alluſions, becauſe I would make every thing plain to you, I would paſs on from painters to ſtatuaries, whoſe excellence it is at firſt to form true and juſt proportions, and afterwards to give them that ſoftneſs, that expreſſion, that ſtrength and delicacy, which make them almoſt breathe and live.

The decorations of ſtyle are formed out of thoſe ſeveral ſchemes and figures, which are contrived to expreſs the paſſions and motions of our minds in our ſpeech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expreſſions. I ſhall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and

thoſe ſeveral ornaments of writing, whoſe grace and commendation lie in being uſed with judgment and propriety. It were endleſs to purſue this ſubject through all the ſchemes and illuſtrations of ſpeech: but there are ſome common forms, which every writer upon every ſubject may uſe, to enliven and adorn his work.

Theſe are metaphor and ſimilitude; and thoſe images and repreſentations that are drawn in the ſtrongeſt and moſt lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive, more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the uſe of theſe, your ordinary writers are moſt apt to offend. Images are very ſparingly to be introduced: their proper place is in poems and orations; and their uſe is to move pity or terror, admiration, compaſſion, anger, and reſentment, by repreſenting ſomething very affectionate, or very dreadful, very aſtoniſhing, very miſerable, or very provoking, to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the ſubject, where they are painted by a maſterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unſkilfully placed, they raiſe no paſſion but indignation in the reader.

On Metaphors and Similitudes.

FROM THE SAME.

THE moſt common ornaments are Metaphor and Similitude. One is an alluſion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the moſt familiar and beſt known particulars in the world: if any thing is dark and obſcure in them, the purpoſe of uſing them is defeated; and that which is not clear itſelf, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of ſome poor brains, to run out perpetually into a courſe of ſimilitudes, confounding their ſubject by the multitudes of likeneſſes; and making it like ſo many things, that is is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himſelf; and, while he is likening his ſubject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in ſome ſimile men; which is, drawing their compariſons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the reſembance holds or not. But the true art of illuſtrating any ſubject by ſimilitude, is, firſt to pitch on ſuch a reſemblance

as all the world will agree in: and then, without being careful to have it run on all fours, to touch it only in the ſtrongeſt lines, and the neareſt likeneſs. And this will ſecure us from all ſtiffneſs and formality in ſimilitude, and deliver us from the nauſeous repetition of *as* and *ſo*, which ſome ſo ſo writers, if I may beg leave to call them ſo, are continually ſounding in our ears.

I have nothing to ſay to thoſe gentlemen who bring ſimilitudes and forget the reſemblance. All the pleaſure we can take, when we meet theſe promiſing ſparks, is in the diſappointment, where we find their fancy is ſo like their ſubject, that it is not like at all.

Metaphors require great judgment and conſideration in the uſe of them. They are a ſhorter ſimilitude, where the likeneſs is rather implied than expreſſed. The ſignification of one word, in metaphors, is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there muſt be a common reſemblance, ſome original likeneſs in nature, ſome correſpondence and eaſy tranſition, or metaphors are ſhocking and confuſed.

The beauty of them diſplays itſelf in their eaſineſs and propriety, where they are naturally introduced: but where they are forced and crouded, too frequent and various, and do not riſe out of

the courſe of thought, but are conſtrained and preſſed into the ſervice, inſtead of making the diſcourſe more lively and cheerful, they make it ſullen, dull, and gloomy.

You muſt form your judgment upon the beſt models and the moſt celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and ſtrength, ſhedding a luſtre and beauty on the work. For it ought never to be uſed but when it gives greater force to the ſentence, an illuſtration to the thought, and inſinuates a ſilent argument in the alluſion. The uſe of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleaſing manner, but to give it a ſtronger impreſſion, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling traſh; and in a due obſervance of this, in a pure, chaſte, natural expreſſion, conſiſt the juſtneſs, beauty, and delicacy of ſtyle.

On Epithets.

FROM THE SAME.

I HAVE ſaid nothing of Epithets. Their buſineſs is to expreſs the nature of the things they are applied to; and the choice of them depends upon a good judgment, to diſtinguiſh what are the moſt

proper titles to be given on all occaſions, and a complete knowledge in the accidents, qualities, and affections of every thing in the world. They are of moſt ornament when they are of uſe: they are to determine the character of every perſon, and decide the merits of every cauſe; conſcience and juſtice are to be regarded, and great ſkill and exactneſs are required in the uſe of them. For it is of great importance to call things by their right names: the points of ſatire, and ſtrains of compliment, depend upon it; otherwiſe we may make an aſs of a lion, commend a man in ſatire, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here alſo there is room for genius: common juſtice and judgment ſhould direct us to ſay what is proper at leaſt; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the moſt lively and moſt forcible epithets that can be applied: and it is in their energy and propriety their beauty lies.

On Allegories.

FROM THE SAME.

ALLEGORIES I need not mention, becauſe they are not ſo much any ornament of ſtyle, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed ſhape, and a dreſs more agreeably to

the fancy, than naked truth herſelf can be. Truth is ever moſt beautiful and evident in her native dreſs: and the arts that are uſed to convey her to our minds, are no argument that ſhe is deficient, but ſo many teſtimonies of the corruption of our nature, when truth of all things the plaineſt and ſincereſt, is forced to gain admittance to us in diſguiſe, and court us in maſquerade.

On the Sublime.

FROM THE SAME.

THERE is one ingredient more required to the perfection of ſtyle, which I have partly mentioned already, in ſpeaking of the ſuitableneſs of the thoughts to the ſubject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to conſider it in another light, with regard to the majeſty and dignity of the ſubject.

It is fit, as we have ſaid already, that the thoughts and expreſſions ſhould be ſuited to the matter on all occaſions; but in nobler and greater ſubjects, eſpecially where the theme is ſacred and divine, it muſt be our care to think and write up to the dignity and majeſty of the things we preſume to treat of: nothing little, mean, or low, no

childiſh thoughts, or boyiſh expreſſions, will be endured: all muſt be awful and grave, and great and ſolemn. The nobleſt ſentiments muſt be conveyed in the weightieſt words: all ornaments and illuſtrations muſt be borrowed from the richeſt parts of univerſal nature; and in divine ſubjects, eſpecially when we attempt to ſpeak of God, of his wiſdom, goodneſs, and power, of his mercy and juſtice, of his diſpenſations and providence, (by all which he is pleaſed to manifeſt himſelf to the ſons of men) we muſt raiſe our thoughts, and enlarge our minds, and ſearch all the treaſures of knowledge for every thing that is great, wonderful, and magnificent: we can only expreſs our thoughts of the Creator in the works of his creation; and the brighteſt of theſe can only give us ſome faint ſhadows of his greatneſs and his glory. The ſtrongeſt figures are too weak, the moſt exalted language too low, to expreſs his ineffable excellence. No hyperbole can be brought to heighten our thoughts; for in ſo ſublime a theme, nothing can be hyperbolical. The riches of imagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in ſupplying thought on an infinite ſubject. How poor and mean, how baſe and grovelling, are the Heathen conceptions of the Deity! ſomething ſublime and noble muſt needs be ſaid on ſo great an occaſion; but in this great article, the moſt celebrated of

the Heathen pens ſeems to flag and ſink; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depreſſed by the weight, and dazzled with the ſplendour of the ſubject.

We have no inſtances to produce of any writers that riſe at all to the majeſty and dignity of the Divine Attributes except the ſacred penmen. No leſs than Divine Inſpiration could enable men to write worthily of God, and none but the Spirit of God knew how to expreſs his greatneſs, and diſplay his glory: in compariſon of theſe divine writers, the greateſt geniuſes, the nobleſt wits of the Heathen world, are low and dull. The ſublime majeſty and royal magnificence of the ſcripture poems are above the reach, and beyond the power of all mortal wit. Take the beſt and livelieſt poems of antiquity, and read them as we do the ſcriptures, in a proſe tranſlation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, loſe their ſpirits and their ſtrength in the transfuſion, to that degree, that we have hardly patience to read them. But the ſacred writings, even in our tranſlation, preſerve their majeſty and their glory, and very far ſurpaſs the brighteſt and nobleſt compoſitions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richneſs and ſolemnity of the eaſtern eloquence (for it holds in no other inſtance) but to the divine direction and aſſiſtance of the holy wri-

ters. For, let me only make this remark, that the moſt literal tranſlation of the ſcriptures, in the moſt natural ſignification of the words, is generally the beſt; and the ſame punctualneſs, which debaſes other writings, preſerves the ſpirit and majeſty of the ſacred text: it can ſuffer no improvement from human wit; and we may obſerve, that thoſe who have preſumed to heighten the expreſſions by a poetical tranſlation or paraphraſe, have ſunk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verſe, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majeſty, and ſolemnity of our proſe: ſo that the proſe of ſcripture cannot be improved by verſe, and even the divine poetry is moſt like itſelf in proſe. One obſervation more I would leave with you: Milton himſelf, as great a genius as he was, owes his ſuperiority over Homer and Virgil, in majeſty of thought and ſplendour of expreſſion, to the ſcriptures: they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the ſacred treaſure that enriched his fancy, and furniſhed him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able either to diſcover or conceive: and in him, of all human writers, you will meet all his ſentiments and words raiſed and ſuited to the greatneſs and dignity of the ſubject.

I have detained you the longer on this majeſty

of ſtyle, being perhaps myſelf carried away with the greatneſs and pleaſure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt ſo much on with reſpect to divine ſubjects, is more eaſily to be obſerved with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall ſhort; and in adorning all other ſubjects, our words and ſentiments may riſe in a juſt proportion to them: nothing is above the reach of man, but heaven; and the ſame wit can raiſe a human ſubject, that only debaſes a divine.

Rules of Order and Proportion.

FROM THE SAME.

AFTER all theſe excellencies of ſtyle, in purity, in plainneſs and perſpicuity, in ornament and majeſty, are conſidered, a finiſhed piece of what kind ſoever muſt ſhine in the order and proportion of the whole; for light riſes out of order, and beauty from proportion. In architecture and painting, theſe fill and relieve the eye. A juſt diſpoſition gives us a clear view of the whole at once; and the due ſymmetry and proportion of every part in itſelf, and of all together, leave no vacancy in our thoughts or eyes: nothing is wanting, every

thing is complete, and we are ſatisfied in beholding.

But when I ſpeak of order and proportion, I do not intend any ſtiff and formal method, but only a proper diſtribution of the parts in general, where they follow in a natural courſe, and are not confounded with one another. Laying down a ſcheme, and marking out the diviſions and ſub-diviſions of a diſcourſe, are only neceſſary in ſyſtems, and ſome pieces of controverſy and argumentation: you ſee, however, that I have ventured to write without any declared order; and this is allowable, where the method opens as you read, and the order diſcovers itſelf in the progreſs of the ſubject: but certainly, of all pieces that were ever written in a profeſſed and ſtated method, and diſtinguiſhed by the number and ſucceſſion of their parts, our Engliſh ſermons are the completeſt in order and proportion; the method is ſo eaſy and natural, the parts bear ſo juſt a proportion to one another, that among many others, this may paſs for a peculiar commendation of them: for thoſe diviſions and particulars which obſcure and perplex other writings, give a clearer light to ours. All that I would inſinuate, therefore, is only this, that it is not neceſſary to lay the method we uſe before the reader, only to write, and then he will read, in order.

But it requires a full command of the ſubject, a diſtinct view, to keep it always in ſight, or elſe, without ſome method firſt deſigned, we ſhould be in danger of loſing it, and wandering after it, till we have loſt ourſelves, and bewildered the reader.

A preſcribed method is neceſſary for weaker heads, but the beauty of order is its freedom and unconſtraint: it muſt be diſperſed and ſhine in all the parts through the whole performance; but there is no neceſſity of writing in trammels, when we can move more at caſe without them: neither is the proportion of writing to be meaſured out like the proportions of a horſe, where every part muſt be drawn in the minuteſt reſpect to the ſize and bigneſs of the reſt; but it is to be taken by the mind, and formed upon a general view and conſideration of the whole. The ſtatuary that carves Hercules in ſtone, or caſts him in braſs, may be obliged to take his dimenſions from his foot; but the poet that deſcribes him is not bound up to the geometer's rule: nor is an author under any obligation to write by the ſcale.

Theſe hints will ſerve to give you ſome notion of order and proportion; and I muſt not dwell too long upon them, leſt I tranſgreſs the rules I am laying down.

How to form a right Taſte.

FROM THE SAME.

A PERFECT maſtery and elegance of ſtyle is to be learned from the common rules, but muſt be improved by reading the orators and poets, and the celebrated maſters in every kind; this will give you a right taſte, and a true reliſh; and when you can diſtinguiſh the beauties of every finiſhed piece, you will write yourſelf with equal commendation.

I do not aſſert that every good writer muſt have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception: but I will venture to affirm, that a ſoul that is not moved with poetry, and has no taſte that way, is too dull and lumpiſh ever to write with any proſpect of being read. It is a fatal miſtake, and ſimple ſuperſtition, to diſcourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them againſt it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no reſtraining them: Ovid, you know, was deaf to his father's frequent admonitions. But if they are not quite ſmitten and bewitched with love of verſe, they ſhould be trained to it, to make them maſters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception, and a true taſte of their au-

thors: and being able to write in verſe upon occaſion, I can aſſure you, is no diſadvantage to proſe; for without reliſhing the one, a man muſt never pretend to any taſte of the other.

Taſte is a metaphor, borrowed from the palate, by which we approve or diſlike what we eat and drink, from the agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of the reliſh in our mouth. Nature directs us in the common uſe, and every body can tell ſweet from bitter, what is ſharp or ſour, or vapid, or nauſeous; but it requires ſenſes more refined and exerciſed, to diſcover every taſte that is moſt perfect in its kind; every palate is not a judge of that, and yet drinking is more uſed than reading. All that I pretend to know of the matter, is, that wine ſhould be, like a ſtyle, clear, deep, bright, and ſtrong, ſincere and pure, ſound and dry (as our advertiſements do well expreſs it) which laſt is a commendable term, that contains the juice of the richeſt ſpirits, and only keeps out all cold and dampneſs.

It is common to commend a man for an ear to muſic, and a taſte of painting; which are nothing but a juſt diſcernment of what is excellent and moſt perfect in them. The firſt depends entirely on the ear; a man can never expect to be a maſter, that has not an ear tuned and ſet to muſic; and you can no more ſing an ode without an ear, than without a

genius you can write one. Painting, we ſhould think, requires ſome underſtanding in the art, and exact knowledge of the beſt maſters' manner, to be a judge of it; but this faculty, like the reſt, is founded in nature: knowledge in the art, and frequent converſation with the beſt originals, will certainly perfect a man's judgment; but if there is not a natural ſagacity and aptneſs, experience will be of no great ſervice. A good taſte is an argument of a great ſoul, as well as a lively wit. It is the infirmity of poor ſpirits to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled by every thing that ſparkles: but to paſs by what the generality of the world admires, and to be detained with nothing but what is moſt perfect and excellent in its kind, ſpeaks a ſuperior genius, and a true diſcernment: a new picture by ſome meaner hand, where the colours are freſh and lively, will engage the eye, but the pleaſure goes off with looking, and what we ran to at firſt with eagerneſs, we preſently leave with indifference: but the old pieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tintoret, and Titian, though not ſo inviting as firſt, open to the eye by degrees: and the longer and oftener we look, we ſtill diſcover new beauties and find new pleaſure. I am not a man of ſo much ſeverity in my temper as to allow you to be pleaſed with nothing but what is in the laſt perfection; for then, poſſibly, ſo many are the

infirmities of writing, beyond other arts, you could never be pleaſed. There is a wide difference in being nice to judge of every degree of perfection, and rigid in refuſing whatever is deficient in any point. This would only be weakneſs of ſtomach, not any commendation of a good palate; a true taſte judges of defects as well as perfections, and the beſt judges are always the perſons of the greateſt candour. They will find none but real faults, and whatever they commend, the praiſe is juſtly due.

I have intimated already, that a good taſte is to be formed by reading the beſt authors; and when you ſhall be able to point out their beauties, to diſcern the brighteſt paſſages, the ſtrength and elegance of their language, you will always write yourſelf, and read others by that ſtandard, and muſt therefore neceſſarily excel.

A Recapitulation.

FROM THE SAME.

I SHALL make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all theſe rules together, riſes a juſt ſtyle, and a perfect compoſition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the or-

nament of writing; we do not require every author to ſhine in gold and jewels: there is a moderation to be uſed in the pomp and trappings of a diſcourſe: it is not neceſſary that every part ſhould be embelliſhed and adorned; but the decoration ſhould be ſkilfully diſtributed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offenſive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itſelf there are vacancies and ſpaces between the ſtars; and the day is not leſs beautiful for being interſperſed with clouds; they only moderate the brightneſs of the ſun, and, without diminiſhing from his ſplendour, gild and adorn themſelves with his rays. But to deſcend from the ſkies: It is in writing as in dreſs; the richeſt habits are not always the completeſt, and a gentleman may make a better figure in a plain ſuit than in an embroidered coat: the dreſs depends upon the imagination, but muſt be adjuſted by the judgment, contrary to the opinion of the ladies, who value nothing but a good fancy in the choice of their clothes. The firſt excellence is to write in purity, plainly, and clearly; there is no diſpenſation from theſe: but afterwards you have your choice of colours, and may enliven, adorn, and paint your ſubject as you pleaſe.

In writing, the rules have a relation and dependance on one another. They are held in one ſocial bond, and joined, like the moral virtues, and libe-

ral arts, in a ſort of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain Engliſh, muſt never pretend to write at all; it is in vain for him to dreſs and adorn his diſcourſe; the finer he endeavours to make it, he makes it only the more ridiculous. And on the other ſide, let a man write in the exacteſt purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire, to give his work ſome force and ſpirit, it is nothing but a mere corpſe, and a lumpiſh, unwieldly maſs of matter. But every true genius, who is perfect maſter of the language he writes in, will let no fitting ornaments and decorations be wanting. His fancy flows in the richeſt vein, and gives his pieces ſuch lively colours, and ſo beautiful a complexion, that you would almoſt ſay his own blood and ſpirits were transfuſed into the work.

Old Italian Proverbs.

HE who ſerves God hath the beſt maſter in the world. Where God is there nothing is wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's eſteem. He hath a good judgment who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converſes with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over

the water where you cannot ſee the bottom. He who lives diſorderly one year, doth not enjoy himſelf for five years after. Friendſhips are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill. The friendſhip of a great man is a lion at the next door. There are a great many aſſes without long ears. He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company. The beſt throw with the dice is to throw them away. It is horribly dangerous to ſleep near the gates of hell. He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himſelf moſt. Giving is going a fiſhing. Too much proſperity makes moſt men fools. No man's head akes while he comforts another. Bold and ſhameleſs men are maſters of half the world. Every one hath enough to do to govern himſelf well. Praiſe doth a wiſe man good, but a fool harm. No ſooner is a law made, but an evaſion of it is found out. He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty ſpoon. Hunger never fails of a good cook. He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it. Give a wiſe man a hint, and he will do the buſineſs well enough. A bad agreement is better than a good law-ſuit. The beſt watering is that which comes from heaven. When your neighbour's houſe is on fire carry water to your own. He that would believe he hath a great many friends,

muſt try but few of them. Either ſay nothing of the abſent, or ſpeak like a friend. One man forewarned (or appriſed of a thing) is worth two. He is truly happy who can make others happy too. He that would be well ſpoken of himſelf, muſt not ſpeak ill of others. He that doth the kindneſs hath the nobleſt pleaſure of the two. He who doth a kindneſs to a good man, doth a greater to himſelf. A man's hat in his hand never did him harm. A wiſe man goes not on board without due proviſion. Keep your mouth ſhut, and your eyes open. He who will ſtop every man's mouth muſt have a great deal of meal. Wiſe men have their mouth in their heart, fools their heart in their mouth. Shew not to all the bottom either of your purſe or of your mind. "I heard one ſay ſo," is half a lye. Lyes have very ſhort legs. One lye draws ten more after it. Keep company with good men, and you'll increaſe their number. When you meet with a virtuous man, draw his picture. He who keeps good men company may very well bear their charges. He begins to grow bad who takes himſelf to be a good man. He is far from a good man wno ſtrives not to grow better. Keep good men company, and fall not out with the bad. He who throws away his eſtate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet. A burden which one chuſes is not felt. Suppers kill more than the greateſt

doctor ever cured. Knowing is worth nothing, unleſs we do the good we know. A man is half known when you ſee him, when you hear him ſpeak you know him all out. Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at preſent. Be ſlow to give advice, ready to do any ſervice. Both anger and haſte hinder good counſel. Give neither counſel nor ſalt till you are aſked for it. The fool never thinks higher than the top of his houſe. A courtier is a ſlave in a golden chain. A little kitchen makes a large houſe. Have money, and you will find kindred enough. He that lends his money hath a double loſs. Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one fourth part of what you hear men ſay. Money is his ſervice who knows how to uſe it as he ſhould, his maſter who doth not. It is better to give one ſhilling than to lend twenty. Wiſe diſtruſt is the parent of ſecurity. So much only is mine, as I either uſe myſelf or give for God's ſake. He who is about to ſpeak evil of another, let him firſt well conſider himſelf. The beſt furniture in a houſe is a virtuous woman. Hard upon hard never makes a good wall. The example of good men is viſible philoſophy. One ill example ſpoils many good laws. Every thing may be, except a ditch without a bank. He who plays me one trick ſhall not play me a ſecond. Do what you ought, and let what will come on it. By making

a fault you may learn to do better. The firſt faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not puniſh them. He who would be ill ſerved, let him keep good ſtore of ſervants. He who is determined to take no pains, will never build a houſe three ſtories high. The Italian is wiſe before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over. In proſperity we need moderation, in adverſity patience. Great proſperity and modeſty ſeldom go together. Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach. He who hath no children doth not know what love means. He who conſiders the end, reſtrains all evil inclinations. He who hath the longeſt ſword is always thought to be in the right. There lies no appeal from the deciſion of fortune. Lucky men need no counſel. Two things are well done in haſte; flying from the plague, and eſcaping quarrels. It is better it ſhould be ſaid, Here he ran away, than Here he was ſlain. The ſword from Heaven above falls not down in haſte. He who doth not riſe early never does a good day's work. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. If young men had wit, and old men ſtrength, enough, every thing might be well done. He who will have no judge but himſelf, condemns himſelf. Learning

is folly unleſs a good judgment hath the management of it. Every man loves juſtice at another man's houſe; nobody cares for it at his own. He who keeps company with great men is the laſt at the table, and the firſt at any toil or danger. At a dangerous paſſage give the precedency. The ſickneſs of the body may prove the health of the ſoul. Working in your calling is half praying. An ill book is the worſt of thieves. The wiſe hand doth not all which the fooliſh tongue ſaith. Let not your tongue ſay what your head may pay for. The beſt armour is to keep out of gunſhot. That is a good misfortune which comes alone. He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear. No ill befalls us but what may be for our good. He that would be maſter of his own muſt not be bound for another. He is maſter of the world who deſpiſes it; its a ſlave who values it. This world is a cage of fools. He who hath moſt patience beſt enjoys the world. He is unhappy who wiſhes to die; but more ſo he who fears it. The more you think of dying, the better you will live. He who oft thinks on death provides for the next life. Nature, time, and patience, are the three great phyſicians. When the ſhip is ſunk every man knows how ſhe might have been ſaved. Poverty is the worſt guard for chaſtity. Affairs, like ſalt-fiſh, ought to lie a good while a ſoaking. He who knows nothing is confident in

every thing. He who lives as he ſhould, has all that he needs. By doing nothing, men learn to do ill. The beſt revenge is to prevent the injury. Keep yourſelf from the occaſion, and God will keep you from the ſins it leads to. One eye of the maſter ſees more than four eyes of his ſervant. He who doth the injury never forgives the injured man. Extravagant offers are a kind of denial. Vice is ſet off with the ſhadow or reſemblance of virtue. The ſhadow of a lord is an hat or cap for a fool. Large trees give more ſhade than fruit. True love and honour go always together. He who would pleaſe every body in all he doth, troubles himſelf, and contents nobody. Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of. That is beſt or fineſt which is moſt fit or reaſonable. He is a good orator who prevails with himſelf. One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues. A great deal of pride obſcures, or blemiſhes, a thouſand good qualities. He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none, hath ſorrow. The hare catched the lion in a net of gold. Obſtinacy is the worſt, the moſt incurable of all ſins. Lawyers gowns are lined with the wilfulneſs of their clients. An idle man is a bolſter for the devil. Idleneſs buries a man alive. He that makes a good war hath a good peace. He who troubles not himſelf with other men's buſineſs, gets peace and eaſe thereby. Where peace is, there God is.

Arms carry peace along with them. A little in peace and quiet is my heart's wiſh. He bears with others, and ſaith nothing, who would live in peace. One father is ſufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not ſufficient to govern one father. The maſter is the eye of the houſe. A good lawyer is a bad neighbour. He who pays well is maſter of every body's purſe. Another man's bread coſts very dear. A man's own opinion is never in the wrong. He who ſpeaks little, needs but half ſo much brains as another man. He who knows moſt, commonly ſpeaks leaſt. Few men take his advice who talks a great deal. He that is going to ſpeak ill of another, let him conſider himſelf well, and he will hold his peace. Eating little, and ſpeaking little, can never do a man hurt. A civil anſwer to a rude ſpeech coſts not much, and is worth a great deal. Speaking without thinking is ſhooting without taking aim. He doth not loſe his labour who counts every word he ſpeaks. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Yes, good words to put off your rotten apples. Give every man good words, but keep your purſe-ſtrings cloſe. Fine words will not keep a cat from ſtarving. He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all. No patience, no true wiſdom. Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourſelf. There is

no fool to a learned fool. The firſt degree of folly is to think one's ſelf wiſe; the next to tell others ſo; the third to deſpiſe all counſel. If wiſe men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance. A wiſe man doth that at the firſt which a fool muſt do at the laſt. Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own. Men's ſins and their debts are more than they take them to be. Puniſhment, though lame, overtakes the ſinner at the laſt. He conſiders ill, that conſiders not on both ſides. Think much and often, ſpeak little, and write leſs. Conſider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go. Keep your thoughts to yourſelf, let your mien be free and open. Drink wine with pears, and water after figs. When the pear is ripe, it muſt fall of courſe. He that parts with what he ought, loſes nothing by the ſhift. Forgive every man's faults except your own. It is a mark of great proficiency, to bear eaſily the failings of other men. Fond love of a man's ſelf ſhews that he doth not know himſelf. That which a man likes well is half done. He who uſed to do kindneſſes, always finds them when he ſtands in need. A wiſe lawyer never goes to law himſelf. A ſluggard takes an hundred ſteps becauſe he would not take one in due time. When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain. Truſt ſome

few, but beware of all men. He who knows but little preſently outs with it. He that doth not mind ſmall things will never get a great deal. That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough. The devil turns his back when he finds the door ſhut againſt him. The wiſer man yields to him who is more than his match. He who thinks he can do moſt, is moſt miſtaken. The wiſe diſcourſes of a poor man go for nothing. Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends. Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers. Woe to thoſe preachers who liſten not to themſelves. He who quakes for cold, either wants money to buy him clothes, or wit to put them on. Poverty is a good hated by all men. He that would have a thing done quickly and well, muſt do it himſelf. He who knows moſt is the leaſt preſuming or confident. It is more noble to make yourſelf great, than to be born ſo. The beginning only of a thing is hard, and coſts dear. A fair promiſe catches the fool. He who is bound for another goes in at the wide end of the horn, and muſt come out at the narrow if he can. Promiſing is not with deſign to give, but to pleaſe fools. Give no great credit to a great promiſer. Proſperity is the worſt enemy men uſually have. Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himſelf in them as in a looking-glaſs. A proverb is the child of

experience. He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth an half-penny. Avoid carefully the firſt ill or miſchief, for that will breed an hundred more. Reaſon governs the wiſe man, and a cudgel the fool. Suffering is the mother of fools, reaſon of wiſe men. If you would be as happy as any king, conſider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you. There is no fence againſt what comes from Heaven. Good huſbandry is the firſt ſtep towards riches. A ſtock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord. Wealth hides many a great fault. The fool's eſtate is the firſt ſpent. He is learned enough who knows how to live well. The more a man knows, the leſs credulous he is. There is no harm in deſiring to be thought wiſe by others, but a great deal in a man's thinking himſelf to be ſo. Bare wages never made a ſervant rich. Loſing much breeds bad blood. Health without any money is half ſickneſs. He that pretends too much to wiſdom is counted a fool. A wiſe man never ſets his heart upon what he cannot have. A lewd batchelor makes a jealous huſband. That crown is well ſpent which ſaves you ten. If you would have a thing kept ſecret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it. Whatever you are going to do or ſay, think well firſt what may be the conſequence of it. They are always

ſelling wit to others who have leaſt of it for themſelves. He that gains time gains a great point. The favour of the court is like fair weather in winter. A man never loſes by doing good offices to others. Ignorance and proſperity make men bold and confident. He who employs one ſervant in any buſineſs, hath him all there; who employs two, hath half a ſervant; who three, hath never a one. Either a civil grant, or a civil denial. When you have any buſineſs with a man give him title enough. The covetous man is the bailiff, not the maſter, of his own eſtate. Trouble not your head about the weather, or the government. Like with like looks well, and laſts long. All worldly joy is but a ſhort-lived dream. That is a curſed pleaſure that makes a man a fool. The ſoldier is well paid for doing miſchief. A ſoldier, fire, and water, ſoon make room for themſelves. A conſidering careful man is half a conjurer. A man would not be alone even in paradiſe. He that will maintain every thing muſt have his ſword always ready drawn. One ſword keeps another in the ſcabbard. He that ſpeaks ill of other men, burns his own tongue. He may be conſidered gainer enough who gives over a vain hope. A mighty hope is a mighty cheat. Hope is a pleaſant kind of deceit. A man cannot leave his experience of wiſdom to his heirs.

Fools learn to live at their own coſt, the wiſe at other men's. He is maſter of the whole world who hath no value for it. One enemy is too much for a man in a great poſt, and an hundred friends are too few. Let us enjoy the preſent, we ſhall have trouble enough hereafter. Men toil and take pains in order to live eaſily at laſt. He that takes no care of himſelf, muſt not expect it from others. Induſtry makes a gallant man, and breaks ill fortune. If pride were a deadly diſeaſe, how many would be now in their graves! He who cannot hold his peace will never live at eaſe. A fool will be always talking, right or wrong. In ſilence there is many a good morſel. Pray hold your peace, or you will make me fall aſleep. The table, a ſecret thief, ſends its maſter to the hoſpital. Begin your web, and God will ſupply you with thread. Too much fear is an enemy to good deliberation. Time is a file that wears, and makes no noiſe. Nothing is ſo hard to bear well as proſperity. Patience, time, and money, ſet every thing to rights. The true art of making gold is to have a good eſtate, and to ſpend but little of it. Abate two thirds of all the reports you hear. He who lives wickedly lives always in fear. A beautiful face is a pleaſing traitor. Many have too much, but nobody hath enough. An honeſt man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath

not half enough. A wiſe man changes his mind when there is reaſon for it. From hearing, comes wiſdom; and from ſpeaking, repentance. He that would have a good revenge, let him leave it to God. Would you be revenged on your enemy? live as you ought, and you have done it to purpoſe. He that will revenge every affront, either falls from a good poſt, or never gets up to it. Truth is an inhabitant of heaven. That which ſeems probable is the greateſt enemy to the truth. A thouſand probabilities cannot make one truth. It is no great pains to ſpeak the truth. That is moſt true which we leaſt care to hear. A wiſe man will not tell ſuch a truth as every one will take for a lie. The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. Enrich your younger age with virtue's lore. Virtue muſt be our trade and ſtudy, not our chance. He who eats but of one diſh never wants a phyſician. He hath lived to ill purpoſe who cannot hope to live after his death. Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions. He only is well kept whom God keeps. Break the legs of an evil cuſtom. Tyrant cuſtom makes a ſlave of reaſon. Experience is the father, and memory the mother, of wiſdom. He who doth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he ſhould do. He who ſays all that he has a mind to

ſay, hears what he hath no mind to hear. That city thrives beſt where virtue is moſt eſteemed and rewarded. He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides. The ſword kills many, but wine many more. It is truth which makes the man angry. Oil and truth will get uppermoſt at the laſt. He counts very unſkilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. Nothing is of any great value but God only. All is good that God ſends us. He that hath children, all his morſels are not his own. Thought is a nimble footman. Many know every thing elſe, but nothing at all of themſelves. Afflictions draw men up towards heaven. That which does us good is never too late. Tell every body your buſineſs, and the devil will do it for you. A man was hanged for ſaying what was true. Do not all that you can do; ſpend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know. A man ſhould learn to ſail with all winds. He is the man indeed who can govern himſelf as he ought. He that would live long, muſt ſometimes change his courſe of life. When children are little they make their parents heads ach; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ach. To preach well, you muſt firſt practiſe what you teach others. Uſe or practice of a thing is the beſt maſter. A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not. You may know

the maſter by his man. He that would have good offices done to him, muſt do them to others. It is the only true liberty to ſerve our good God. The common ſoldier's blood makes the general a great man. An huge great houſe is an huge great trouble. Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counſel. It is better keeping out of a quarrel, than to make it up afterwards. Great birth is a very poor diſh on the table. Neither buy any thing of, nor ſell to, your friend. Sickneſs or diſeaſes are viſits from God. Sickneſs is a perſonal citation before our Judge. Beauty and folly do not often part company. When a man ſpeaks you fair, look to your purſe. Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jeſt till you ſhame him. Eating more than you ſhould at once, makes you eat leſs afterwards. He makes his grief light who thinks it ſo. He thinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing. Wiſhes never can fill a ſack. The firſt ſtep a man makes towards being good, is to know he is not ſo already. He who is bad to his relations is worſe to himſelf. It is good to know our friends failings, but not to publiſh them. A man may ſee his own faults in thoſe which others do. It is the virtue of ſaints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another. A man may talk like a wiſe man, and yet act like a fool. Every one thinks he hath more than his

ſhare of brains. A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be. Building is a word that men pay dear for. If you would be healthful, clothe yourſelf warm, and eat ſparingly. Rich men are ſlaves condemned to the mines. Many men's eſtates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney. In governing others you muſt do what you can do, not all you would do. A wiſe man will ſtay for a convenient ſeaſon, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots. Ever buy your wit at other men's charges. You muſt let your phlegm ſubdue your choler, if you would not ſpoil your buſineſs. Take not phyſic when you are well, leſt you die to be better. Do not do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any. That pleaſure's much too dear which is bought with any pain. To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools, or a fool in grain. Good wine makes a bad head, and a long ſtory. Be as eaſy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next. Live well, and be cheerful. A man knows no more to any purpoſe than he practiſes. He that doth moſt at once, doth leaſt. He is a wretch whoſe hopes are all below. "Thank you, good puſs," ſtarved my cat. No great good comes without looking after it. Gather the roſe, and leave the thorn behind. He who would be rich in one

year is hanged at ſix months end. He who hath a mouth will certainly eat. Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle. He who reveals his ſecret makes himſelf a ſlave. Gaming ſhews what metal a man is made of. God ſupplies him with more who lays out his eſtate well. At a good pennyworth pauſe a while. The printing-preſs is the mother of errors.

On the Beauty of Epiſtolary Writing.

BY BLAIR.

ITS firſt and fundamental requiſite is, to be natural and ſimple; for a ſtiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter, as it is in converſation. This does not baniſh ſprightlineſs and wit. Theſe are graceful in letters, juſt as they are in converſation; when they flow eaſily, and without being ſtudied; when employed ſo as to ſeaſon, not to cloy. One who, either in converſation or in letters, affects to ſhine and to ſparkle always, will not pleaſe long.

The ſtyle of letters ſhould not be too highly poliſhed. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words betrays ſtudy; and hence muſical periods, and appearances of number

and harmony in arrangement, ſhould be carefully avoided in letters. The beſt letters are commonly ſuch as the authors have written with moſt facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no ſubject to warm or intereſt theſe, conſtraint appears: and hence, thoſe letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolance, which have coſt the authors moſt labour in compoſing, and which, for that reaſon, they perhaps conſider as their maſter-pieces, never fail of being the moſt diſagreeable and inſipid to the readers.

It ought, at the ſame time, to be remembered, that the eaſe and ſimplicity which I have recommended in epiſtolary correſpondence, are not to be underſtood as importing entire careleſſneſs. In writing to the moſt intimate friends, a certain degree of attention, both to the ſubject and the ſtyle, is requiſite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourſelves, and to the friend with whom we correſpond. A ſlovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a diſobliging mark of want of reſpect. The liberty, beſides, of writing letters with too careleſs a hand, is apt to betray perſons into imprudence in what they write. The firſt requiſite, both in converſation and correſpondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character, and that of others,

demand. An imprudent expreſſion in converſation may be forgotten and paſs away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we muſt remember, that "Litera ſcripta manet."

On Pliny's Letters.

FROM THE SAME.

PLINY's letters are one of the moſt celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epiſtolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleaſing and amiable view of the author. But, according to the vulgar phraſe, they ſmell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not eaſy to avoid thinking, that the author is caſting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publiſhes his own letters, to diveſt himſelf altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he ſays; by which means, he becomes much leſs agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any conſtraint of this ſort, he were writing to his intimate friend.

On Cicero's Letters.

FROM THE SAME.

CICERO's epiſtles, though not ſo ſhowy as thoſe of Pliny, are, on ſeveral accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the moſt valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real buſineſs, written to the greateſt men of the age, compoſed with purity and elegance, but without the leaſt affectation; and, what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being publiſhed to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freed-man Tyro, for the large collection that was made, after his death, of thoſe which are now extant, amounting to near a thouſand*. They contain the moſt authentic materials of the hiſtory of that age; and are the laſt monuments which remain of Rome in its free ſtate; the greateſt part of them being written during that important criſis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the moſt

* See his letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in anſwer to ſome inquiries concerning his epiſtles, that he had no collection of them, and that Tyro had only about ſeventy of them.

Ad Att. 16. 5

intereſting ſituation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, eſpecially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himſelf and his heart, with entire freedom. In the courſe of his correſpondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with ſeveral of the principal perſonages of Rome; and it is remarkable that moſt of Cicero's correſpondents, as well as himſelf, are elegant and polite writers; and which ſerves to heighen our idea of the taſte and manners of that age.

On Pope's and Swift's Letters.

FROM THE SAME.

THE moſt diſtinguiſhed collection of letters in the Engliſh language, is that of Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly publiſhed in Mr. Pope's works, and partly in thoſe of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one; and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epiſtles, of too much ſtudy and refinement. Thoſe of Dr. Arbuthnot, in particular, always deſerve praiſe. Dean Swift's alſo are unaffected; and as a proof of their

being ſo, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects. Several of Lord Bolingbroke's, and of Biſhop Atterbury's Letters, are maſterly. The cenſure of writing letters in too artificial a manner falls heavieſt on Mr. Pope himſelf. There is viſibly more ſtudy, and leſs of nature and the heart in his letters than in thoſe of ſome of his correſpondents. He had formed himſelf on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr. Addiſon: "I am more "joyed at your return, than I ſhould be at that of "the Sun, as much as I wiſh for him in this melan- "choly wet ſeaſon; but it is his fate too, like yours, "to be diſpleaſing to owls and obſcene animals, "who cannot bear this luſtre." How ſtiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Biſhop Atterbury: "Though the noiſe and daily buſtle for the Public "be now over, I dare ſay, you are ſtill tendering "its welfare; as the Sun in winter, when ſeeming "to retire from the world, is preparing warmth "and benedictions for a better ſeaſon." This ſentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unſuitable to the ſtyle of one friend correſponding with another.

On the different Kinds of Poetical Compoſition in the Sacred Books, &c.

BY BLAIR.

THE ſeveral kinds of poetical compoſition which we find in ſcripture, are chiefly the didactic, elegiac, paſtoral, and lyric. Of the didactic ſpecies of poetry, the Book of Proverbs is the principal inſtance. The nine firſt chapters of that book are highly poetical, adorned with many diſtinguiſhed graces, and figures of expreſſion. At the 10th chapter, the ſtyle is ſenſibly altered, and deſcends into a lower ſtrain, which is continued to the end; retaining however that ſententious, pointed manner, and that artful conſtruction of period, which diſtinguiſhes all the Hebrew poetry. The Book of Eccleſiaſtes comes likewiſe under this head; and ſome of the Pſalms, as the 119th in particular.

Of the Elegiac and Paſtoral Poetry of Scripture.

FROM THE SAME.

OF elegiac poetry, many very beautiful ſpecimens occur in Scripture; ſuch as the lamentation of David over his friend Jonathan; ſeveral paſſages in the prophetical books; and ſeveral of David's Pſalms compoſed on occaſions of diſtreſs and

mourning. The 42d Pſalm in particular, is, in the higheſt degree, tender and plaintive. But the moſt regular and perfect elegiac compoſition in the Scripture, perhaps in the whole world, is the book, entitled the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the prophet mourns in that book over the deſtruction of the Temple, and the Holy City, and the overthrow of the whole ſtate, he aſſembles all the affecting images which a ſubject ſo melancholy could ſuggeſt. The compoſition is uncommonly artificial. By turns the prophet, and the city of Jeruſalem, are introduced, as pouring forth their ſorrows; and in the end, a chorus of the people ſend up the moſt earneſt and plaintive ſupplications to God. The lines of the original too, as may, in part appear from our tranſlation, are longer than is uſual in the other kinds of Hebrew poetry; and the melody is rendered thereby more flowing, and better adapted to the querimonious ſtrain of elegy.

The Song of Solomon affords us a high exemplification of paſtoral poetry. Conſidered with reſpect to its ſpiritual meaning, it is undoubtedly a myſtical allegory; in its form, it is a dramatic paſtoral, or a perpetual dialogue between perſonages in the character of ſhepherds: and, ſuitably to that form, it is full of rural and paſtoral images, from beginning to end.

On the Lyric Poetry of Scripture.

FROM THE SAME.

OF lyric poetry, or that which is intended to be accompanied with muſic, the Old Teſtament is full. Beſides a great number of hymns and ſongs, which we find ſcattered in the hiſtorical and prophetical books, ſuch as the ſongs of Moſes, the ſong of Deborah, and many others of like nature, the whole book of Pſalms is to be conſidered as a collection of ſacred odes. In theſe, we fine the ode exhibited in all the varieties of its form, and ſupported with the higheſt ſpirit of lyric poetry; ſometimes ſprightly cheerful, and triumphant; ſometimes ſolemn and magnificent: ſometimes tender and ſoft. From theſe inſtances, it clearly appears, that there are contained in the holy ſcriptures full exemplifications of ſeveral of the chief kinds of poetical writing.

A Diverſity of Style, &c. On JOB, DAVID, and ISAIAH.

FROM THE SAME.

AMONG the different compoſers of the ſacred books, there is an evident diverſity of ſtyle and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The moſt eminent of the ſacred poets are, the author of the Book of Job, David, and Iſaiah. As the compoſitions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a

greater variety of ſtyle and manner in his works than in thoſe of the other two. The manner in which, conſidered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleaſing, the ſoft, and the tender. In his Pſalms, there are many lofty and ſublime paſſages; but in ſtrength of deſcription, he yields to Job; in ſublimity he yields to Iſaiah. It is a ſort of temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly diſtinguiſhed; and to this he always ſoon returns, when, upon ſome occaſions, he riſes above it. The pſalms in which he touches us moſt, are thoſe in which he deſcribes the happineſs of the righteous, or the goodneſs of God; expreſſes the tender breathings of a devout mind, or ſends up moving and affectionate ſupplications to heaven. Iſaiah is, without exception, the moſt ſublime of all poets. This is abundantly viſible in our tranſlation; and, what is a material circumſtance, none of the books of ſcripture appear to have been more happily tranſlated than the writings of this prophet. Majeſty is his reigning character; a majeſty more commanding, and more uniformly ſupported than is to be found among the reſt of the Old Teſtament poets. He poſſeſſes, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expreſſions, which are altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himſelf. There is more clearneſs and order too, and a more viſible diſtribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the poetical writings.

On Jeremiah.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN we compare him with the reſt of the poetical prophets, we immediately ſee in Jeremiah a very different genius. Iſaiah employs himſelf generally on magnificent ſubjects. Jeremiah ſeldom diſcovers any diſpoſition to be ſublime, and inclines always to the tender and elegiac. Ezechiel, in poetical grace and elegance, is much inferior to them both; but he is diſtinguiſhed by a character of uncommon force and ardour. Biſhop Lowth, compares Iſaiah to Homer, Jeremiah to Simonides, and Ezechiel to Æſchylus. Moſt of the book of Iſaiah is ſtrictly poetical; of Jeremiah and Ezechiel, not above one half can be held to belong to poetry. Among the minor prophets, Hoſea, Joel, Micah, Habakkuk, and eſpecially Nahum, are diſtinguiſhed for poetical ſpirit. In the prophecies of Daniel and Jonah, there is no poetry.

On the Book of Job.

FROM THE SAME.

IT only now remains to ſpeak of the book of Job. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the moſt ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable, that this book has no connection with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The ſcene is laid in the

land of Uz, or Idumæa, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind, from what I before ſhowed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no alluſions to the great events of ſacred hiſtory, to the religious rites of the Jews to Lebanon or to Carmel, or any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judæa. We find few compariſons founded on rivers or torrents; theſe were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longeſt compariſon that occurs in the book, is to an object well known in that region, a brook that fails in the ſeaſon of heat, and diſappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the ſacred writings, but is ſuperior to them all, except thoſe of Iſaiah alone. As Iſaiah is the moſt ſublime, David the moſt pleaſing and tender, ſo Job is the moſt deſcriptive, of all the inſpired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and ſtrength of deſcription, characteriſe the author. No writer whatever abounds ſo much in metaphors. He may be ſaid, not to deſcribe, but to render viſible, whatever he treats of. A variety of inſtances might be given. Let us remark only thoſe ſtrong and lively colours, with which, in the following paſſages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked; obſerve how rapidly his figures riſe before us; and what a deep impreſſion, at the ſame

time, they leave on the imagination. "Knoweſt thou not this of old, ſince man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is ſhort, and the joy of the hypocrite, but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he ſhall periſh for ever. He ſhall fly away as a dream, and ſhall not be found; yea, he ſhall be chaſed away, as a viſion of the night. The eye alſo which ſaw him, ſhall ſee him him no more; they which have ſeen him, ſhall ſay where is he?—He ſhall ſuck the the poiſon of aſps, the viper's tongue ſhall ſlay him. In the fulneſs of his ſufficiency, he ſhall be in ſtraits; every hand ſhall come upon him. All darkneſs ſhall be hid in his ſecret places. A fire not blown ſhall conſume him. The heaven ſhall reveal his iniquity, and the earth ſhall riſe up againſt him. The increaſe of his houſe ſhall depart. The light of the wicked ſhall be put out; the light ſhall be dark in his tabernacle. The ſteps of his ſtrength ſhall be ſtraitened, and his own counſel ſhall caſt him down. For he is caſt into a net by his own feet. Terrors ſhall make him afraid on every ſide; and the robber ſhall prevail againſt him. Brimſtone ſhall be ſcattered upon his habitation. His remembrance ſhall periſh from the earth, and he ſhall have no name in the ſtreet. They that come after him ſhall be aſtoniſhed at his day. He ſhall drink of the wrath of the Almighty."

FINIS.